Ms. M 4.1.410
San Francisco
Aug 28, 1862.

There is nothing in the unexpected strength of the Rebellion to give it new dignity. Even in foreign eyes. There is everything in the thought of its possible success to make all terms of peace with it abhorrent to Every loyal American. It is the cause of wrong against right. It is not only an unjustifiable revolution, but is a geographical wrong, an Economical wrong, a moral wrong, a religious wrong, a war against the American Constitution, against the laws of the globe, against the New Testament, against God.

Stop here

A new phase of the war has opened through the recent check of the

national arms & plan, & the loyal States are Summoned to a new Exhibition of Patriotism. - There must be a wide response. From Every line of longitude, from Every degree of latitude of the immense republic the Cry must go up, - We are Consecrated to the work; we have tightened the girth; we are ready to suffer for our Country's integrity & our Children's welfare!

We must pay for our institution and country

We have not suffered much yet, as a nation, in the Struggle. The war has been play, so far as the prosperity of the loyal people are Concerned. What percentage of our most loyal States have been pinched in their families in their Larders, have been obliged to wear Coarser Clothes, have seen their purses Empty of money & the Sources of Supply Drained? Broadcloth & Silk & oysters & Turtle-Soup are accessible, to-day, to almost as many

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thousands in the northern loyal district as they were three years ago.- The sorrows by loss of kindred, the sufferings of our devoted soldiers in trenches & swamps, under torrid skies, & with festering wounds, who shall estimate? or picture?- But as to material prosperity, the loyal nation above the border States has not yet been afflicted by the war, as it often has been by financial crises & panics, in a time of peace. It is not damaged so much now as it would be in a year of peace, if the Confederacy should triumph as a separate & hostile power.

We must be ready to suffer more. We must expect to suffer more. No nation yet has been allowed to flatten into nobleness. Read Motley's magnificent volumes, & see what the Nether-

lands had to Endure in securing a field for their wise & hardy libert.- See what wrecking & agonies of Civil war were appointed to England before the Protestant & Constitutional fibre in her national character was con-
firmed.- Think of the desolations & the hor-
rors wh. France endured, that the awful tyranny of her aristocracy might be broken & the people there be lifted to ownership of the land.

It is not in the order of Prov-
idence that such blessings as our imper-
ial Constitution has given should be
apened
~~Confirmed~~ to half a continent, & to future Centuries, without one terrific season of strife & agony. It could not be rooted & sanctified without one mighty conflict in wh. ~~it~~ ~~to~~ its benefits should be thoroughly test-

ized, & the racc receiving them should part Earn them.

Our pist settlers fought with winter, & famine, & Savages to keep the seeds of liberty now being rooted up. They fought with French & Indians, marching hundreds of miles through the unbroken wilderness, to conquer the right to their vast portion. Eight Years they stood the storm of the Revolution, seeing the land stripped of riches to the very bed-rock, that they might Earn the right of Entering as one people the path of national Experience & greatness.

But what have we Ever paid for the Constitution, the most beneficent parchment Ever dropped into the Civil histon of man? Nothing in blood, in devotion, in heroic suffering. Providence having shown us in Seventy five years of



its blessings what it is worth, & having just completed the area & symmetry of the nation it is to rule, calls on us to rally to it, to prove ourselves worthy of it, & through our fidelity, to lift it into authority over all our America for Centuries to come.

We shall have to suffer more in its behalf, & we must be ready to say that we will. If our prospect was not now so great, we should be stronger. Labor throughout the North is now so well paid that there is no stimulus but patriotism actual renew no added incitement of want, to ~~swell~~ the wasted army & swell its brigades. The rebellious States have nothing else to do than to fight. Their slaves till their farms, & do furnish grain & meat. Their money is worthless; their trade with the world cut off;-

they have no employment for half their white population but fighting; & drafting sweeps them from idleness into resistance to the beneficent Charter wh. is rightfully theirs over them. If we should be smitten by war half as severely as they are, we should conquer. Perhaps Providence is mercifully appointing that for us. I sometimes feel as though the best news we could hear would be that Washington is taken, & Philadelphia & Cincinnati seized, &, on the heel of that, that England & France had recognised the Confederacy & determined to beat down the Supremacy of the Constitution in our republic, - that we might ~~thus~~ wake to a consciousness of the struggle, that we might know what an hour of duty has dawned, & that we might drop pens, hammers, axes, school-

books, & seize with dedicated fury ~~this~~ an imple-
ment more sacred for the season than all,
the sword of Endangered Albert, & grind its edge,
& find some relig-
ious leader who could say, with a full heart
& faith, as he looked up, –

"O thou, whose Captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious Eye,
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in thy Victory!"

With no care for worldly prosperity for a half
Nation, & in this Spirit, though our Coast
should be beleaguered by foreign friends of the
Apostates, we could cleave the rebellion
through its stolen armor to its black heart.

Everyman should be ready

It may be that the time will
soon come for such a rally. I have the feel-
ing that it is a little too mean to be stand-
ing here to talk about the call of Patriotism
instead of being in some more active service
at the East. Rejoice that my
Two brothers are in the Navy.
Enlisted a year ago, & one of them was in
the bombardment of fort Pulaski. A friend
of mine, a clergyman at the East, who has
worked, as few men out of the Cabinet have
toiled, in the service of the country & the
soldiers since the war broke out, wrote to
me lately, that soon he might throw off
the gown entirely, & try to raise a regi-
ment for service in the fore front of the
war. If he does, I wish it might be entirely
of ministers, & I should like to be thought
have written to him that I
worthy of some humble place in it. No man

has a right to talk about killing the Enemies of his Country, who is not willing to die for her himself.

Perhaps the call of Patriotism may soon come to us in such tones that we must offer our limbs & blood, & nothing less, to the Cause of freedom. But it does come to us now demanding the pledge of more devotion, & more active & demonstrative sympathy with the Struggle & Crisis at the East. — California has given rich in Generals & military ability to the Cause. (Hooker went from here to his brilliant service.) The Commander in Chief is a citizen of San Francisco. May his head be crowned with laurel before many weeks in Richmond! If so, what an honor will be ours through the reflected light of Victory! And what are we doing to express our interest in the ~~Strife~~ Contest & the

But how soon has a different feeling been aroused, so far as San Francisco is concerned! It was three weeks ago that this utterance of criticism & complaint was made there. And how speedily & magnificently her honor has been redeemed! On Election day, over three thousand dollars was collected at the polls for the Hospital Fund of the Army. Some people thought that this was doing pretty well. I confess that I felt that it was mean. It didn't amount to a dollar a vote on the majority we rolled up for John Swett as Superintendent of Public Instruction. And for the price we had a right to feel in sending that School-master abroad," we should have paid at least a dollar a head on the majority. —

ajoy ~~th~~ near the Capital? – Gentlemen, I felt ashamed in Oregon lately, in reading that there were objections raised here to the sending of surplus money from our Fourth of July celebration to relieve the sufferings of Soldiers in our hospitals near Washington. The money, raised for a public purpose, many said, ought to be kept here for our local charities. Yes, the cause of the poor here is sacred, – but if our army fails, what a blow to the prosperity of this city, now the most thriving of all the cities under the American flag! What contribution have we ever deliberately made by public Subscription deliberate to relieve our Soldiers in the hospitals? The Eastern Cities have given by tens of thousands, in addition to all their burdens. Americans in Victoria, under the British flag, sent to me $1300 for them. A few women of San

Just after Election the ques-
ion was discuped by too or three of us, if
a Subscription of ten thousand dollars could
not be procured to aid the funds of the
Sanitary Commision. Some gentlemen met
to take Counsel together. The result of the
first debate was that one of the newspapers
called for a Canvas of the City, & insisted that
$250,00 ~~ought to~~ should be, & could be Subscribed in
a month. — You Know the Ston of our im-
mense Sunday-night gathering, & that more
than $100 00 was pledged for the wounded soldiers in four days. — You have
Read the Electric response of the President of the
Sanitary Commision. — I would Read it, if I could.
But I should break down. I cried the first time
I read it. Then I read it again & cried. And then
I stopped reading it & kept on crying. — What
will the Doctor telegraph to us, when we send

Francisco sent on five hundred with alac-
rity. But no public mercantile offering has
yet been made to that most sacred of all
Charities from this thrice blessed City. Less
than two thousand dollars has now gone
from the Exchange of our holiday fund; & that
was accompanied with some opposition & protest.

We must be careful how
we let our feeling cool as to the struggle,
& how we slip into any sins against patriotism.
We must keep our sympathies warm & loyal,
free from any tendencies down towards the
zero point of Secession.

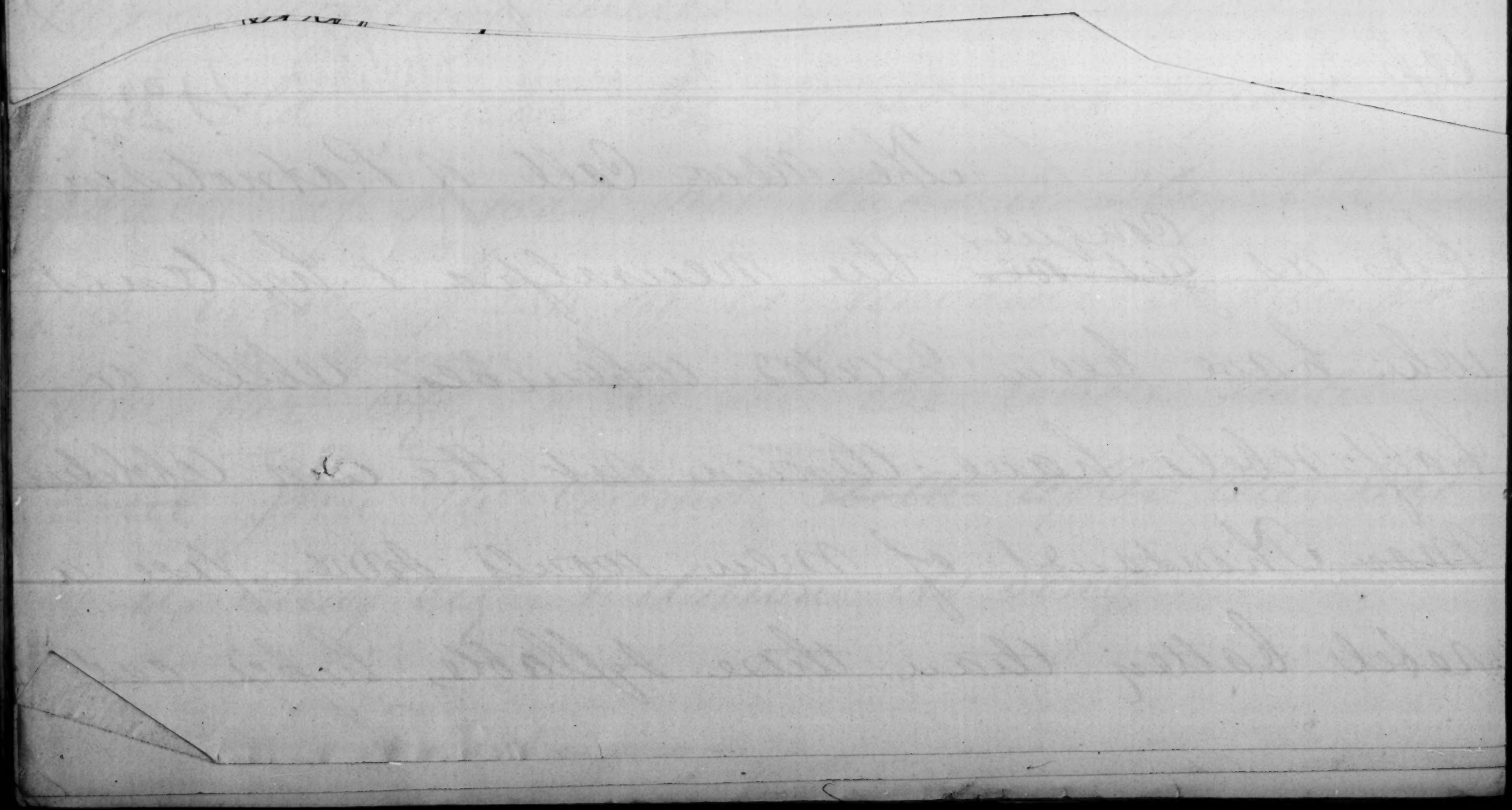
The government has
begun to strike more vigorously at its foe.
It sees that it needs its uttermost vigor.
If we can't help it openly, let us not

him our second hundred thousand? He evidently thinks we have finished. But that is only the first wave. We have over fifty thousand on hand now for the second Silver billow. And the subscriptions still roll in. Not that the Secessionists are beginning to give. They are growing loyal: they are shrewd. They know that, in the fall campaign, we are to have a series of victories in Virginia. the rebels will leave their wounded on our hands. And they know how to reach their suffering allies. — I should say now with old Simeon, let thy servant depart in peace: if I was not glad to stay till the whole $250,00 is forwarded to New York from San Francisco, & do see the whole State join in Chorus after the lead of its Chief City, & drown its song.

weaken it by criticism & reproach. A year & a half of Civil War has been tried. It has been fighting with a maniac, & it has only used one hand, & ~~has been~~ careful, too, all the time, lest it might strike what a prize fighter would call a foul blow. Now the struggle is for life; it uses both hands; & it may be that the poor insane marauder must be hopelessly crippled & be conquered. — Are any of us ready to weaken the government by withdrawal of sympathy just when it tells us that it is for life & nothing less?

No hysterics at the cry of "abolition" 49½

The new Call of Patriotism bids us ~~get over~~ conquer the neuralgia & hysterics which have been excited wherever rebels or half rebels have thrown out the word "Abolition." ~~Has~~ Thousands of men would sooner face a rebel battery than those syllables hissed out



by abettors of the rebellion. General-in-Chief Halleck (the word comes to us to-day) has told pecy his policy. "I am not only willing to use the black population of the South against the rebellion, but I have issued orders to the Generals requiring them to use all the negroes they can get hold of, asking no questions whether the negroes be slave or free, or whether their masters be loyal or disloyal, except as a matter of record for after use." The General has been thought sufficiently conservative. But he knows what war is. And he knows that running to Judge Taney for written permissions for every ~~gun~~ charge of powder for a cannon, & for the man to touch it off, is not the most sensible or merciful way to conduct war. — Are we ready to support the General in his new orders, or shall we insist, till the country

Constitution doesnt provide for war - no const. power or Dahlgrens - When Georgia is subdued Constitution is reinstated. Until then, the only Constitution to fight by is the laws of war. —

is utterly ruined, that a white traitor is
of far more account than a black loyalist?

There is no danger that, after
the war is over, if we are victorious, the rebel
masses will not be treated leniently Enough.
But mercy now means make the war
short, & to be short it must be stern, re-
strained by nothing but the fundamental laws
of Civilization. Let us be done wincing before
the word "abolition." Let us give it a wider
meaning & bind it on our foreheads, - saying "we
stand for the abolition of the rebellion; for
the abolition from the Continent of the
leaders of it; for the abolition of the Corner
stone & foundation of the Conspiracy wh.
has attempted to abolish the American
flag!" Entitled to no complicity with Secessionists!

And the Patriotism calls

us now to keep pow any public Complicity
or the shadow of it, with Secessionists or their
friends. — It was interesting to read this morning
the account of an immense & Enthusiastic
public meeting in Washington wh. resolved
that "Secessionist ought to be weeded out of the
departments, & driven pow the district!"
— Yes, one would think that it is wise, on
the whole, not to suffer them to remain
much longer in the public Employment
of the nation, where they can learn the
secrets of its policy.' And it seems to
me that whoever treats or connives with
any band of them, as a respectable po-
litical part, for the sake of votes for any
office, in a time of war, Covenants at second
hand with the rebellion. He is doing what
he can to reduce the temperature of Amer-

ican Sentiment.

The meanness of Secessionists

Can any Creature be so despic-
able now on the globe as a Secessionist
in a loyal State? Yet what a forlorn
Creature he is! Ought we not rather to pity
him? He has no country. He can't open
a book of American biography or history
& feel pride in it. Every page of it condemns
him. He has cut himself off from the
heritage of his Country's memories, from his
dividend of honor in the fame of Washing-
ton & his supporting staff of patriots
who saved their County by their valor, &
built a grander polity in it by their genius
& the help of God. He isn't an Englishman
nor a German, nor an Italian, nor yet
~~is he~~ an American. Even a Mexican
stands off from him, more noble than he,
~~he~~ for

a Mexican
runs to the support of his flag, forgetting old
sectional animosities, & feels his blood stir
as the banner of France righteously goes down before it.
A Secessionist in a Northern State
~~He~~ is an orphan, forlorn & pitiable.

No, he is despicable, rather. He
has not the manliness to go & fight for the
~~the~~ flag he hopes will triumph. He stays
& nourishes his wretched breath where it is
safe. He stays under the flag he hates, wh.
generously protects him, to plot against it by
undermining patriotism. He is a perpetual
spy, cunning & cowardly. He measures ac-
curately the pulse & fervor of public senti-
ment, & talks against the government that
keeps him just to the limit ~~that~~ of llicit
peril. His face is instantly radiant when news of disaster come.
He taps the public men, as a woodpecker does a tree for deer's worms,
& finds
who have the tainted spot in their heart
that make them fit for him to vote for.

And he lives on thus, month after month,
loading his table & perhaps filling his coffers
with the bounty that flows to him under
a flag whose halyards he would like to cut,
whose power he would like to hamstring,
- a traitor without the one gleam of nobleness
oh. the open Conspirators show, who set
their "life upon the Cast," & "stand the hazard
of the die." The puritan meanness of Apostate Yankees

Is there a character meaner
than this? Yes, the pretended Union man
who allows ~~them~~ such men to have in-
fluence, who treat with them as an hon-
orable power in the State, who fit
his words so win their approbation. The
men, Northern men, are not few who take
the law, if not of their feeling, at least of
their expression, from these hardy masked Ene-

mies of the Country. – Three weeks ago. I
heard a discussion on the Columbia River,
on ~~the~~ a Steamer's deck, wh. made me alternately
enraged & sick. A man, who, as I soon detected,
was from the South, was Eulogizing on the
disgrace of our country through this war, &
the loss of all its character because we chose
to fight against treason. He had no word
of condemnation of ~~this~~ treachery & traitors
but all of fighting for National Existence
Bloodshed was so horrible!
& Safety. There were two others who were talking
with him, Yankees, to the disgrace of their
name. One of them was very severe on
Abolitionists & all who rejoice in a Union
victory. The other sunk to the lowest deep
that was possible, as no one but an Apostate
Yankee can, with ease. He delivered himself
thus: "Well, I look upon this as a family

fight on the other side of the mountains. It is nothing to me. I mean to keep clear of it. My interests are here in Oregon. If my interest get involved, & I am obliged to fight, I shall fight where my interest require." These are his exact words. Mt. Hood was in sight while with ten thousand feet of snow. I expected to see him blush, though it was noon, deeper than he does at sunset. Mt. Hood was bought under the American flag; the Wilderness was purchased, & opened & swept clear of Indians by American money, & Enterprise, & valor. The Columbia was explored under flames under it; the steamer that carried us looked it to the breeze; ~~The Columbia was explored~~ The man was trading with American coin, within the magic circle of American prosperity & power. And he had no pride in his country's fame, no passion against its foes, no gratitude for its blessings, no prayer for its triumph, - but would confess coolly to an open traitor that he would fight, at last, under compulsion,

where his interest dictates! My face did not burn any more against the Secessionists there. But, for one wild minute, I ached to throttle this Yankee wretch & push him into the Columbia. ~~But~~ I looked however, down & saw that the river was clear!

Emphatic Pselms.

Gentlemen, it is no time for discussions, or nice distinctions, or bowing to traitors for their votes. To treat them as a respectable party, as though their vote & favor is anything else than pollution, is any diluted treason against the country. It is the time for Emphasis, & fervor, & the paying of money, & the readiness to pay down life, if the next telegraph brings word of more imminent peril to the nation. It is the time when we ought to make the air of Every City sheet

Henry Ward Beecher says ~~of Buchanan~~ That as Jonah was three days & nights in the whale's belly. So for three Presidential years, Mr. Buchanan lived in the belly of the South. On the fourth they cast him up (he made the monster Sea Sick, I suppose.) that he might have time, in his expiring term, to betray the North more fatally than it was ever given to Judas or Arnold to betray his Country.

so loyal that if a man utters treason in it, he shall feel its indignation in his cheek in flame. The Siamese twin party

And it is the time to drop old party names. Patriotism makes that call, & adjures us by the awful ipses that hang in suspense over the Rhappahanock.

I wish that the word "Republican" as a party designation might now this hour be dislocated, it syllables melted, & the whole liquid poured into oblivion. And the word "Democrat" ayes to be poured into another Crucible for the same process. The sanctity of that word is gone. - James Buchanan was a Democrat, & is one. So was John B. Floyd.

And the word is turned now to strange uses. - You have seen the Siamese twins. Could it be interesting to find now that Chase is a Union man, & Ewg a Secession

ist, - their arms ~~are~~ over each others necks, & are vowing to fight the rebels, the other the federals, & while they are bound together by that bijament, ~~which~~ forbids either to do as he wants, & will let them fight each other. ? And is not Equally interesting to see a Siamese pair trying to live in America to-day, one half hot for the nation's honor & the war, the other half for the triumph of treachery, peace, & Recognition of the rebellion, & the word "Democrat" the bijament to bind them. ?

The word "American" is the only part-word for the war-hours. not "Native-American", but American in heart, - as Dickinson is, & Andy Johnson, & Gov. Andrew & Beecher, & Holt & Bancroft, & Lowell & Motley, & Abraham Lincoln & Edward Everett, & General Sigel & General Meagher. Are

you for America, or for America divided by ~~two~~ 2? Sink every other word, & every other ~~jour~~ but this word & ~~jour~~, till the war is over, & make men take their sides. This is the ~~dut~~ call of Patriotism now. No ~~Hbuckling~~ ~~bebind~~ paltering with the word Abolitionist, in order to lower the proof of Union-Speeches, so that traitors can drink them without too much offence to their gastric juice.' Buyer - A. B. C. &c

Parson Brownlow

Do you know how Parson Brownlow would talk if he should make a speech here. This is the way he talked three months ago in Boston: 'I am an unconditional Union man. If I reside in your State, & you bought out Candidates for office, Breckenridge Democrats, Bell & Everett Union men, Douglas Democrats, Black Republicans, or what not, before I

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would vote for any man for any office, who was not an unconditional Union man, I would see him & all his surroundings, where, in the language of Milton, Cold performs the office of fire, (You know the place he means.) "I believe," he said further, "it is the bounden & solemn duty of the government to confiscate Everything in the South owned by rebels, - lands, moneys, negroes, Everything - & although I am a pro-Slavery man, & have been all my life an advocate of the peculiar institution, I am here prepared to say, what I say at home, & what I have said all the time, that if the South in their madness & folly - for the South is mad & drunk - pays upon the country the issue of no Slavery & the Union, or no Union & Slavery, I am for the Union, if it exterminates Every institution of the South."

institution of the South." He does not belong to the Siamese part. He isn't for America divided by 2. He isn't for Abraham Davis, nor for Jefferson Lincoln, - but for the Nation & its president, & its Army, & its Cannon, & its Gunboats, & its flag, - whatever becomes of, reposes, - till peace & the old prosperity & blessings are given to every acre of our soil under the rightful Constitution.

Patriotism calls us, gentlemen, in the new, & unexpected, & startling peril of the Campaign, to look once more at the two causes, & see how clear one is clear, & the other foul; to glance again over our history & see how utterly pure it is of oppressions on the South; to study once more the impossibility of

allowing a hostile Empire under European protection upon our Atlantic Coast & Mississippi borders, ~~to~~ & that an Aristocracy built on ~~Slav~~ bondage; to see what Expenses, & wars & depradations lie in the path of Secession; & its corrosive antagonisms - & then, out of patriotism for the past, out of loyalty consecrated by religion, to rally to the banner wh. came out of the old Revolution, & has since been sprinkled thick with stars, to pour out money for it, to drown party for it, & soon if need come, to bury under with a soldier's belt, hearing the summons

"In God's name, cheer on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war!"

It may be that our youth

will before the year is ended find the air
filled with the appeal, through the country's
peril, which was lately chanted to the young
Students of the oldest College of New England:
The author, Dr Holmes, had given his son to the nation & had seen him return to his regiment before he was thought ready of a wound in battle: —

"Listen, young heroes, your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave & the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting & falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

+ + +

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hand's clasping!
"Off for the wars!" is Enough for them all.

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 'tis the bugle blast! Sabres are drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

Never or Now! Cries the blood of a nation
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;
Now is the day & the hour of Salvation;
Never or Now! peals the trumpet of doom.

Never or Now! roars the house-throated Cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies;
Never or Now! flaps the Shell-blasted pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens & foes in the land of their birth;
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of Earth;

From the hot plains where they perished outnumbered,
Furrowed & ridged by the battle-fields' plough,
Comes the last Summons to Day you have Slumbered,

Hear the last Angel trump - Never or Now.

San Francisco

Aug. 28. 82

Gentlemen
of the Masonic Orders,

In one respect
I feel sadly out of place amongst
you. It is an act of grace on your
part that you permit one who
cannot wear dimly your decorations, &
is but ~~slightly~~ instructed in the mys-
tery of your symbols, to appear
with you & take a slight share in
the honor of this gathering.

The inside of
your majestic temple I am utterly

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unacquainted with. ~~All the~~ The only Especial indulgence or favor I can claim at your hands over all that are outside your walls, is, that I stand on the steps ringing the bell, - popibly to be sent away. —

A wise brother of your order, standing in my place now, might introduce his discourse with proper allusions to the age & traditions of your society. But it is the object that will be served by this meeting wh. interests me more than all wh. might be said of your lineage & honors. If Solomon were the founder of your body, that would not en-

noble a trivial purpose in this meeting. Even if the Garden of Eden was the first "lodge in some vast wilderness", & Adam was put in it an Entered Apprentice, we could gather no glory from it for a low & unworthy End to night. (I believe, however, that a rival Society competes powerfully with you for the honors of Eden: for it is proved that, before Eve was Created, Adam, though he might have been a Mason, was certainly ~~was~~ an Odd Fellow.)

But whatever be the claim & Endorsement of your Traditions, whether or not Numa Pompilius connected your ancestry with the Embellishment of Early Rome; whether

2

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But whatever be the claim & Endorsement of your Institution, whether or not Numa Pompilius connected your ancestry with the Embellishment of Early Rome; whether

or not Darius the First instituted
one of
your orders of Knighthood; whether
or not the wall of Adrian in England,
1700 years old, is a memorial of
your Existence, & the towers of Can-
terbury & the Arches of Cologne are
trophies of your operative Ancestry;
- whether or not your Secrets & Sym-
bols are the hieroglyphics of a
hoary wisdom, daught, as to-day, to
Alfred the Great, & to Henry the 7th.
& to men whose names glitter
in the dim annals of the Middle
Age, - the fact remains that you
have assembled to honor & increase
treasury & the
the Spirit of Charity wh. is older
than monarchs & Empires, & will

outlast their hoarded wisdom & 5
beauty. ~~Bef~~ The universe was born
out of Infinite Love. And "Charity
never faileth: but whether there be
prophecies, they shall fail; whether
there be tongues, they shall cease;
whether there be knowledge, it shall
vanish away."

This meeting represents
a contribution of
money that will soon be turned
into practical friendship for the needy;
- into medicine & nursing & comforts for
the destitute sick; into decent burial
into protection against beggary & despair;
for the dead; into food & rest for the
hungry & the widow; into means of
return to distant friends. Besides the

6 constant stream of bounty from the
seperate lodges to those who are recog-
nised as dependent on them, the
general Board of Relief, into whose
purse your money drops to night,
has disbursed the last year the
amt of $3442.09. / I know we are
commanded not to let our left hand
know what the right hand doeth in
some matters. But I am not a
Mason, & so have a right to publish
all secrets that I can honestly get hold of.
Especially, when as in this case,
they do so much honor to the
order. / Those figures belong to the
Arithmetic of heaven. The items,
as I have seen them, bearing wit-

ness do Kindness Extended to men /
from Every part of the Country - So. Caro-
lina as well as Massachusetts, Minne-
sota & Maine - & to men of foreign na-
tionalities besides, are fit to be given
a little angels do learn lessons in addi-
tion from. For in the Chair of this
great organization nationality is not
Known. No political ruptures or Secess-
ion obstruct its bounties. There is
neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian
nor Scythian. Tartar or Saxon, Sclavonian
or Celt, if he makes the sign of the
order & shows the said Credentials
of distress, finds its treasury un-
barred. He is fed not as Elijah was
in his faintness by ravens, but in

the true American way, by Eagles.
The Masonic Charity, unhampered
by questions of race, reading only for
the fraternal signal, is the noblest
type now offered on the globe of
what Christ is to be among nations in the far
distant future. organizing justice &
mercy from the poles to the Equa-
tor, girdling the globe with Sym-
pathy fraternity & peace.

Every Mason, I believe,
~~it~~ has peculiar associations with
the sublime Hebrew hymn "Behold
how good & how pleasant it is for
brethren to dwell together in unity!
It is like the dew of Hermon that

descended upon the mountains of Zion." - As some Scholars have studied & understood this Psalm, it is a lyric in praise of charity, doubly appropriate to our purpose to night.

Hermon is a lofty, noble, Snow-clad mountain in the North of Palestine. When the clouds gathered upon it, & the vapors steamed up from its ~~sides~~ canons & settled over it, it was a promise of rain that would descend upon the low hills & the parched plains of Zion. Its dews & clouds were thus the symbols of the law of fraternity & charity that enfolds all nature. And thus, some Scholars suppose,

David ~~used the~~ fell the keynote
in his hymn. ~~In~~ this sense the
~~treasurer~~ Expenditure of the Masonic Board
of Relief chants its ~~music~~ meaning
Every Year in Silver Chimes.

And in this sense, the
Psalm is a symbol of the benefit
we derive from a great character
& towering life. Some men
rise from the general level like
the ~~towering~~ Syrian Hermon, &
their Careers are beneficent as
its Streams & dews.

You have had, Gen-
tlemen of the Masonic Brotherhood,

lase names in your Annals, names that are written in Capitals on the Registers of History. Great artists are there; Sages & philosophers, Statesmen & heroes are there; men great with the Sword & with the pen, Monarchs & Emperors. Every grade of Eminence is represented in the illustrious of your order.

But <u>one</u> name towers ~~above~~ over all. One name is as the Snowy Hermon, Spotless & Supreme. As patriots we all bow when it is mentioned. As Americans, lovers of our County & our <u>whole</u> County, we feel a Strange pride interblended with our gratitude to God, when

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in these days, it is uttered in our hearing. But to you it is granted to know a peculiar joy added to the patriot's pride & the American's gratitude, as you hear pronounced the noblest name in secular history, - our theme to night in presence of Masons who saluted him as Brother, - the name wh. carries with it its own Ever-Enlarging & Sufficient Eulogy - the name George Washington.

Ms. M. 4.1.412

Seems to be incomplete

Where is the other

part?

Mountains & their Suggestions

Mountains & their Suggestions.

The lecture which I shall have the honor to read to you, is entitled, "Mountains and their Meaning". I do not propose to occupy your time with a series of verbal pictures of mountain-scenery simply, - nor with a geological disquisition on the hills; but, after a reference to their beauty, shall endeavor to connect the science & the uses of the ranges and the summits that diversify our planet, with great historical truths & social lessons,

for wh they seem to offer themselves as hieroglyphic language. Perhaps the phrase "mountains & their Correspondences" will more accurately convey my thought & purpose

We can best distribute the interest wh any great feature of nature, or nature's order, has for us, by considering it under the three heads, the beauty wh it wears, the truth it represents, & the good it can do. A noble mountain is the sublimest object that appeals to the senses of man. To our thought there are many familiar things that are more sublime, — such as the distance of a star, the speed of a shaft of light, the oscillating swing of a planet, the rush of a comet with its luminous trail ~~of light~~ sweeping a

a million ~~of~~ leagues. The stormy sea stirs more deeply the religious sensibilities; but ~~the sight & strength of~~ a great mountain, defying the force of gravitation, standing up in ~~the~~ proud strength ~~& power~~ above the contended clods, thrills the eye, not only by its mass & its majesty, but by the heroic energy with wh it seems to be vital, as it cleaves the air & converses with the sky.

Physically, the mountains are the glory of the globe. We cannot associate with flowers, or rivers, or pastoral landscapes, such wealth of natural poetry such resources of creative art as we connect with the sovereign ranges & the imperial peaks that intersect & ennoble our ~~globe~~ Earth. If we would know what nature has

to stimulate the deepest capacities of delight, of sensuous joy, of the wonder & awe that can be reached through our eyes, we must think of a midnight passed near the summit of Mt. Blanc, as Albert Smith describes it,— the white desolation amid which man is set, the ghastly peak that makes the moonlight shiver & recoil, the still congregation of ~~shrouded~~ sentinels that chill the sky with their frosty shrouds, & the solemn light of the stars set in an arch of Ebony; — or one should see the sun-rise burnish the pinnacles of the Andes when one wave of light breaks in pure roseate splendor along the crests that crown a continent; or watch the purple that creeps far up the snowy slopes of the Himmalayas, when the sun has set among the valleys, —

and gathering itself, at last in one exquisite tinge upon the monarch summits leap into the sky. The pomp of her color, the variety & the delicacy of the lines into wh she can beak the simple stream of light, are shown by nature not so finely on the leaves & flowers or the ~~tints~~ scrolls of shells, as on the rough battlements and the snow-stained ridges of the mountains, wh. it might seem she upheaves to be the vast palettes of her studio, where the sun-rays shall divide & mix & masses themselves in lines purer & more glorious than visit an angel's dream.

¶

From the time we first see a mountain ~~from~~ on the horizon until we reach the top, it supplies a perpetual & varying

feast of beauty. At first it looks like a low & stiffened thunder-cloud, ~~on the horizon~~ its solidness no way distinguishable, but by its permanence, from the fleecy irregularity of a vapory pile. What a delight to the eye on a summer sultry day, riding on a stage-coach, to rise a hill, as in Eaton N. H., & see the northern & western horizon jagged with these rich blue heaps, looking as tho' there, indeed, were the cool caves of the North-west wind. = Ride nearer to them, & see them rise & change their airy vestments for delicate draperies of green. See the points of their ridges gradually become prominent. See their fore-ground become more distinct, & their bulk more apparent. Stop at a distance of about ten miles, & your eye can

measure their height better than by a nearer position,—especially if a lower hill, wh. they overtop, intervenes & assists your vision. At such a point, too, you will have the richest effects of light upon them when the morning stains them with a brownish purple, & the noon-light blazes upon their rocky ridges, & pours hot into their gorges, or burns upon the bare spots where the deluge & the tempest have stripped away their flesh. Here, ~~too~~ also, you will see the great cloud-shadows sail ~~about~~ along, —sometimes leaving their peaks in light & spotting their slopes with floating ~~darkness~~ patches of eclipse, —sometimes steeping them in a thin dimness, & sometimes robing them, from dome to base, with a shaggy gloom, as soft & rich to the eye, if seen in contrast

Ah! is it not Every Sense, Every fibre of the jaded frame, delicately Searched, & strung, & ~~#~~ reanimated here, while nature tells us that, to be new, we must begin anew, leave the ~~fact~~ hard fortress like confinements & conventionalities of the City, & learn to be animals properly learn the appreciate the privilige & joy of seeing, breathing & bathing the nerves in the sweet chemistries of Creation & submitting the brain to her tender melodies.

with a neighboring mountain in full light,
as the feeling of fur.

And then, when we be-
gin to explore it, what new charms await us!
The coolness of the shade into wh we pass from
the hot sunshine of the road; the cheerful sound
of the branches crackling under the horses' hoofs;
the flecks of light upon the pale leaves wh
the winter's chemistry has not rotted; the ex-
quisite confusion of light & shadow among
the branches that seem to be little Embodiments of hysterics; the crazy scamper
of the squirrels, the logy whirr of the
partridge; the trill of the rills, & the gur-
gle of the brooks that have strayed off per-
haps from a cataract near. = Let us follow
them & find it. We shall come upon it
in a spot wh. nature has secluded out, and

guarded, & decorated as the sanctum of visible romance. Our feet sink deep in the moss wh her still & invisible looms have spent centuries in weaving. Climbing up along this verdant flush, richer than the velvets of any palace, to where majestic trees grow on the verge of a crescent precipice, whose rocks ~~look~~ seem tired with years, we look across & catch the white shimmer of the water-fall, leaping down from the mountain, & broadening its track towards the bottom of its journey — so that its stream scatters, at last, into a thousand plaits of liquid silver, wh. show through their thin texture the green & saturated moss wh. softens their final fall. ~~&~~ Away up in a narrow gorge which curves beyond our sight, we see the

light foam of the cascade as it comes dancing
& singing from the mountain's brow.
This is the music the rain-drops make,
rejoicing that they are saved from the briny
sea, & wring out upon the rocky hill-tops,
& suffered to go on missions ~~of~~ & work ~~&~~ & mercy
for the living world. This is the melody in
the snow-fields make to life again, when
the spring-time melts them, & they hasten
from cascade to brook, & from brook to river,
on their summer duty. — And now, with the
song of the cataract in our ears, & its beauty
in our eyes, let us turn back again into
our path & rise towards the ridge, out of
forest foliage into a region of dwarfed and scanty trees,
above comfortable coolness ~~&~~ into chill, above the
cheerful chirp of birds ~~&~~ into silence, & at last,

Perhaps the whole line is
enveloped in mist. Yet we will press on, tho'
it rains furiously; assured by the guide that
it will clear in half an hour. A slow &
chilling ride for half a mile begins to dis-
hearten us. We think of returning. But what is
this? How has this huge cone leaped out of the grey
wet waste, & whence can it catch this flush of
sunlight that sweeps over it? It is the dome of
Mt. Pleasant, ah, our horses' feet had just begun
to climb. Hardly can we swing our hats & scream
our cheers, when it is hidden. The frolicsome
west wind tears open the curtain at our left
& shows Kabyani's, so snug in its nest of green.
But see, on the right the vapors melt under
our feet, & the unbroken forests start up, as
if created, that instant, in those vast valleys.

out from all screens, upon the bald & ragged
crest & into the infinite air. It is the ridge
& his staff of peaks
of Mt. Washington, where we stand. A hundred
miles away into the South West ^Monadnoc
dwells like a filmy bubble on the horizon.
A hundred miles to the South a silver line
tells us that the sun is shining on the
sea off Portland. Katahdin is driven into
the far eastern sky & the sloping shoulders
of Kearsage, the queen of the mountain dis-
trict, fascinates the eye that turns towards
lie
Conway. Fifty lakes ~~lie~~ burnished by the sun
among the guarded valleys, & the whole vicin-
ity heaves in stiffened surges, as though an
once
earthquake had ^puffed the molten land
into mighty billows ~~which~~ were fixed forever
first
when its force was spent.

they are concealed as soon as shown; but the dull cloud about our heads is smitten with sunshine, & we are dazzled with silver dust. Now look up.— the whole sky is unveiled, & we stand in an ocean of vapour overarched by a canopy of blazing blue. The bright wind breaks the clouds in a hundred places, scatters them, rolls them off, rolls them up, chases them far towards the horizon, mixes them with the azure, — and at last sweeps off the mist from the pale green dome of Mt Washington, & invites us to climb where the eye will traverse a circuit of six hundred miles.

If one would have a concentrated representation of the grandeur, the beauty, the wealth & the mystery of our planet, he can find it in some one of its highest volcanic mountains — in Sorata or Illimani or Etna or Chimborazo. Take the latter or Sorata, the rival summits of Aquador & of Bolivia. Its feet are in the tropics, its dazzling crest flashes in a worse than ascending polar air. Each rod of its slope is an upward step a-wage from the luxuriant creativeness of the Equator. It is ribbed with all the rocks that belong to the earth's crust. It is plaided with the temperatures fertilities & life of the world's zones. It is robed in embroidered with anatomy. Its robe is ornament with all the vegetable art which the subtle needles of the climates show their art from the coarse & yellow grasses that creep around

its snowy cape, to the palm-leaves & orange
tracery, & Victoria-Regia ~~trails~~ decoration, worked into
the brocade that sweeps the tropic floor,^
It stands up between the earth & the heavens
heir of the sunset & herald of the morn
"Upheld on its knees & its shoulders of granite
"Zone above zone like the steps of a temple
"The climates of earth are displayed like an index
"Giving the scope of the book of creation
"There in the gorges that widen descending
"From cloud & pine cold into summer eternal
"Gather the threads of the ice-gendered fountains
"Gather to riotious torrents of crystal
"And giving each shelvy recess where they dally
"The blooms of the north & its evergreen turfage
"Leap to the land of the lion & lotus!"

— & making ~~us~~ him tremble before Chimbora-
zo now, as no more the inclined epitome of the
globe's verdure & beauty, but as the awful ice-limned
~~flame~~ smoke pipe of this planet-ship, shedding a
plumy flame to relieve a little its burning core"
while it ploughs the ether with no pilot & no helm!

And to one that should climb from the sources of the Amazon, along the pictured leaves of this encyclopaedia of the earth's fertility & loveliness, until he reaches the pass of the like ridge, where the wind pricks ~~as tho' it~~ core a sheet of needle points, - as tho' nature had not yet crowned the lesson of her capacities, she bids him look up still to the slim summit ch no feet can climb, & where no plume could breathe, & observe the slender spire of flame that flickers from that icy altar; - Eternal frost & central ~~flame~~ fire meeting ~~& many~~ twenty thousand feet above the earth's level to wrestle together, & to show the ~~trembling awed~~ terrified traveller within what fearful forces the quiet of our life is set. Would it not make us feel something of the mystery

of nature, & on what terrific basis our real estate is built, if, some midnight, we could be transported, in a moment, to the ridge of the Bolivian Andes, — & in the hush of the winds, hear the hollow moaning of the under fires, that rave within the frozen bosom of those cones, & ah, in another hour, might wrap all that white & granite substance in their thin dreadful arms?

Such is the way in wh nature condenses her splendors & terrors into one picture, & looks out, through the features of a mountain, with the full expression of her character. Perhaps, however, the wildness & sombreness of her occasional moods best shone in the Himalayas, — in those districts of them, especially, of wh Capt. Alexander Gerard tells

us in the published accounts of his travels to determine the line of perpetual snow. He gives us pictures of sharp splintered cliffs, of limestone, running up eighteen thousand feet, so steep that the snow could not catch any where upon them, & wh. were steadily crumbling away. Blue slate mountains, too. he found with no verdure to conceal the rock, and variegated with serpentine veins of pure white granite, ~~running~~ that fantastically from the summit to the base. He sailed near one bank of the Sutlij, wh. is a perpendicular wall of rock of 7000 ft., & sometimes wound around the sides of mountains; on narrow balconies of projecting rock, beneath wh., 4000 ft down, the same river was roaring. He encamped on heights where the their air

was of so deep a blue, that it seemed black at midday, & the moon gave no promise of its rising, but suddenly stood over the ridge or peak that rose above him, when it was due. Sometimes in the night, among the higher passes, the corroding frost would bite off a huge slice of a peak, & tumble it past their camp, now & then, within a few feet of the terror smitten party, who heard it leap along the ridges below them, & waken awful Echoes from the near walls of stone. It seemed as though all the language that is applicable to the wildest scenery is fully set in this volume, & yet, every few pages, the Author is unequal to description, & speaks of districts of chaos & sterile horror, that exceed the limits of imagination to conceive.

And do the desoladion of the
summit of Mt. Blanc & the Jungfrau
are more serviceable to man & bear richer
harvests for his spirit, than if their sub-
stance could be levelled, & softened by the sun, & tilled for vine &
corn.

In respect of beauty, however, & sensuous impressiveness, the mountains are more grand & inspiring when we stand at the proper distance & look at them, than when we go among them, or look from them. Their highest call is to be the resting-places of their light, the stately ~~tabernacles~~ staffs from wh. the morning & the Evening most gorgeous banners of the ~~display the banners~~ are displayed. They are the Ex-ponents of the atmosphere. Nature upheaved the snow hills ~~them~~ for huge lay figures, on wh. she might show off the splendors of her aerial wardrobe & the resources of her millinery. She makes them by turns, mourning veils of shadow, celestial lace-work of distant rain, hoary wigs of cloud, the blue costume of the north-west wind, the sallow dress of a sultry Southern

air, while wrappers of dog-day fog, amber & vermilion vests of sunset light, gauzy films of moonlight, the gorgeous Embroidery of autumn Chemistries, the flashing Ermine dropped from the winter sky, & the glittering jewelry strewn over their snowy vestments by the cunning fingers of the frost.^

The grandeur of a mountain depends on its outline; its expression + beauty, on states of the air.

We must bear in mind, of course, that Everything on this globe is for the Education of man. The mountains are for the culture of human nature in the ~~con-~~ ~~ception~~ appreciation of sublimity. They are the first lessons, it may be, set to the human spirit in this little copy-book of the globe, training it to a capacity of Enjoying hereafter the greater grandeurs that may dignify the landscapes

of the soul's home. — It is a striking fact, therefore, in this connection, that poetry has done such slight justice to them. All ancient literature, oh. in general we know to be quite barren as to sympathy with nature, is empty of artistic or poetic appreciation of mountain scenery. Not a passage in Shakspere is descriptive of them. Wordsworth lived in the Society of the hills, but his imagery seldom reproduces their changing splendors. Scott's vigorous verses, we know, have given a new charm to the Highland scenery oh. his pages so heartily describe; & Byron has left us a few passages that prove the sincerity of his confession that, with him, high mountains were "a feeling." But poetry has not yet acknowledged the interest that invests them

as challengers of jubilant & devout Emotions.
Coleridge's Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni
has stood unapproached for sublimity in the
literature connected with mountains. But a
Countryman of ours has recently challenged
its supremacy by a poem wh. celebrates
the mighty Kalimandjaro, a Snow mountain
of Central Africa, discovered in 850 by a
German traveller. It is worthy of the genius
of that daring & modest adventurer whose
memory is now the richest picture gal-
lery of landscapes from the most bril-
liant Zones of the planet, & whose pen
after jemming our literature with descrip-
tions of foreign Scenes & manners no less vivid
than minute, has just now ~~bore~~ blossomed with
its Con-
summate flower in the volume ~~of~~ Entitled "Poems

of the Orient, by Bayard Taylor."

Why cannot some of our poets give us worthy pictures of our own Mountain Scenery in October! for wh. our land is no less remarkable in the natural world, than for its institutions in the the Civil sphere. Let a man visit the N. Hampshire mountains during the Autumn Carnival, & unknown recesses of his nature will be reached & filled by the vast & various splendors that adorn the slopes & crown the noses and his Eye. The train, he will insist, has somewhere been switched off into fairy land. Puck & Titania, Oberon & Peasblossom must be somewhere near. Their merry court must be held on the side of that forest hill, whose acres seem covered with all

the bright tapestry carpets of New England for a fair sola time. A religious mind cannot but think of such a spectacle as a fulfilment of Isaiah's rapturous prophecy - "the mountains & the hills shall break forth before you into singing, & all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

No doubt, it is as hard to describe well as it is to paint well. The art of writing Excellently is just as difficult as the art of painting or chiselling with more power ~~perfectly~~. There are as few who succeed in arranging words, as in combining arranging colors into a perfect picture of scenery or character. A page of Hawthorne's English conveys the same Exquisite delight to a pure artistic taste, & reveals the same grade

of genius as the finish of a limb, or the grace of a posture, in the marble of Canova. — So much the more reason, therefore, for ~~Care~~ Sincere Study of nature & care in Expression, — so much the more stimulant to a healthy Ambition to report in verse, or in telling prose, the distinguishing mountain Scenery of our Octobers.' — Alas, what stuff papes for Eloquent description of nature!. You have all heard of the brilliant climax of the Frenchman, whose rapture in relation to something that impressed him, vented itself in the Exclamation, — "it is Sublime; it is magnificent; it is very good." I was reminded of it recently, in reading a passage in a volume of travels among the Himalayas by Sir Wm Lloyd, Major in the British Army. Sir Wm had Enthusiasm, but not according to the rules of

climax in utterance. "Before us", he says, rose the lofty & infinite realm of Eternal Snow, the Himalaya. On its Eastern bounds three peaks stood like giants mantled in white, gazing at the intense azure firmament above. O the feebleness of language, the fullness of the heart! A tear-drop is the only Eloquence! We bowed to our mother nature in respect!" The whole weight of the Himalayas wringing one tear drop out of a British major's Eye, & overwhelming so, that he lifted his hat & made a bow! — Yet this is really no more absurd than the account I once read in a life of Mr. Webster by a writer of our Country, wh., among other turgid phrases about the Wh. Mountains, ~~mounts~~ piles them up at last "in shapes of inimitable grandeur." As though any body on Earth - since the old Titans are defunct -

hundred with this was
a description of the Hudson & is Supposed
may, by a fashionable artist who Said that
no painters pencil could Equal it.
~~Not~~

It must have been
a Copies of this man who was
walking on the Shore at Newport
last Summer ~~Sun~~ when the
waves were swelling in tumultuous
fury on the beach, & said to a friend
of mine who was gazing on the
Sea "Well and this Sight pays
Enough for [illegible]

would attempt to imitate the masonry & majes-
ty of the White Hills! — There was more vigor real.
& originality of speech in the remark of an old
of N. H to him
farmer, to me, once, when I admired the pic-
turesque situation of the village Embosomed in
wild hills, — "yes, it lies kind o' lonesome; the
roads aint so turnpiky as some, but the
land hunches nice in these parts." That
wood had a grain that would reward a polish.

The poets have not as yet done jus-
tice to the mountains. Within this century, paint-
ing has responded to their challenge, & enriched the
treasury of art with representations of their
grandeur & cunning counterfeits of their hues.
that give modern genius, in one respect, at least,
a superiority over older schools. But there are
words in our language, firm as their granite boned
& thick

soft as their shadows. graceful & gauzy mystic as their draperies!
sparkling as their snows, brilliant as their lights
in wh. the magic of their form & color & Expres-
sion may be transferred to literature. The mount-
ains will not be conquered, though tunnels be
tunnelled, & Simplons be graded, & carriage-ways
be built to the peak of Mt. Washington, till they
reflect themselves thus in human language, & are
recreated in art, as they were first copied in
matter from Divine ideas. — Mr. Ruskin,
the author of "Modern Painters" & "The Stones of
Venice" is in this sense the world's master-
Poet of the Hills. There are passages in his
Treatise on "the Stones of Venice" that really make
question
one wonder if he is not the final cause of
the Alps, - if his descriptions of them do not sur-
pass in sublimity & magnificence, the actual glories of

if as the planet in a broad sense was made for the education of man, the alps were not thrown up especially as provocatives of John Ruskin

Switzerland, if he has not penetrated by his rhetoric to the Infinite ideal from wh. the mountains spring more intimately than their snow & light & lines can suggest. – Let me close this too protracted treatment of the first division of my subject with a passage from the "Modern Painters," – a book that cannot be in too many of your homes – on a sunrise among the Alps, seen from Lake Lucerne: – "Wait yet for one hour, until the East again becomes purple, & the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned, one by one, in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm

by Chasm, Each in itself a new morning;
— their long avalanches cast down in keen
streams brighter than the lightning,
sending Each his tribute of driven snow
like Altar-smoke up to the heaven; the
rose light of their silent domes flushing
that heaven about them & above them,
piercing with purer light through its
purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a
new glory on Every wreath as it passes
by, until the whole heaven — one scarlet
Canopy — is interwoven with a woof
of waving flame, & tossing, vault beyond
vault, as with the drifted wings of
many companies of angels." Mr. Ruskin
asks, at the close of this passage, if anything can
be found in blank like that. — We affirm that

no painter, so long as the world stands, can put upon canvas any mountain landscape that will be so inspiring, so competent as an artistic suggestion of Alpine splendors, as this picture in words.

I need not detain you very long with a treatment of the uses of mountains. All the details of their usefulness, used a whole lecture could not exhaust. In fact, we cannot bound by any elaborate interpretation the uses of any great features of nature's order. They have wider relations & are set to more subtle services than we can follow with our science, or even conceive. But it is plain that we could not live on the globe, in any state of

monotonous level
civilization, if it were a round prairie. What
drainage could a Country have? How could
springs of water be formed? Where would be the
stone-houses of the snow + hail? Ah! how does
Aqueduct
the Masonry of Rome, or the Croton & Ecbit-
uale System of Supply for cities, compare
with natures Chains of reservoirs _ the Rocky
Mountains, the Andes & the Alleghanies, + the
Service pipes the gullies in their granite for
Counties, pastures, cities, towns! _ All their beauty
Enrobes a vast utility. The mist that settle
around them, above wh. their crests sometimes
float like aerial Isles in a stagnant sea;
the veils of rain that trail along them; the
crystal
snow ~~that~~ shaded with frozen light; the
sombre thunder heads that invest them with
Sinai-like awe, - are all connected with their

mission as the hydraulic distributers of the world - the mighty troughs or sluice ways that ~~carry~~ apportion to the lands the moisture wh. the Ever-playing, noiseless, Solar Pump is lifting from the Sea. Their peaks are the cradles, their furrows the first play ground, of the great rivers of the Earth.

While their beauty is of incalculable use to the artistic sense & the soul, their physical use affects the intellect with the charm of beauty.

Moreover, as any tolerable Geography ought to tell you, the great Mountain Chains, besides dividing the spaces of the planet, & guarding Empires & races, separate different & often opposite climates. By their condensing Effect upon the wet Sea-winds, they make some districts more moist than others,



& so diversify climates, & fertilities, & the product of vegetation. One side of a high mtn ridge always receives ~~vastly~~ much more rain than the other. The pacific shore under the highest Andes is very dry & quite barren, because the trade winds that blow across & fertilize the country of the Amazon pour the Atlantic, are robbed of all their bounty in scaling those cold Siberian mts from the East. & blow cold & wet on the other side. While if a mountain system could be upheaved in the Centre of Sahara, the hot breezes that sweep over it, would be chilled & compelled to disgorge their boon - & so that wilderness, sprinkled with rain & veined with rivers, would in time "blossom as the rose."
As to our supply of water & our irrigation, we must with David, "lift our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help."

More of the uses of Mountains will be seen if we turn to consider the truths they stand for, & represent to the human intellect. It is by their help that the great Science of Geology has advanced during the last Century with such rapid strides. For you must bear in mind that they are not Excrescences on the globe's surface, - they are not Earth-warts, - ridges of superfluous matter bolted upon the original smoothness of ~~the~~ our ~~of~~ orb. I have seen pictures of Mountains; by painters of some standing, too, that look precisely ~~as the~~ like mounds of putty - as though they had been thumbed into shape, & might be thumbed out of it. But they were heaved up out of our planet's heart. They tell what the Earth's crust

is made of & the thickness of its cuticles. texture &
When a man looks at the highest peak of the globe, he sees that part of the Earth's anatomy wh. lies buried under 25000 feet of soil in the plains. By looking up, he gains the same knowledge that would be given by sinking a mine five miles deep. They are inverted shafts - upspringing wedges of rock, flinging their garment of Earth away on Every side, & standing bare to the sending of Science. - Thus the Summit of a mountain is the side-line of a wrath force that is hidden in the planet's bosom. The most stiff & resistant features of the world to our senses, they are really the outbursts of the Earth's passion, the witnesses of its reserved & hidden force, before wh. the heaps of matter are only toys. To know the truth of mountains,

therefore, we must know the force & methods of Central fire. — And thus the mountains stand for a double truth. The physical & mental worlds correspond to Each other. One of our prominent Essayist has said that there is no argument for any opinion so strong & satisfacton as a clear analogy from nature in its favor. If the stars or the winds, or the heave of the sea the growth of the corn, will lend themselves to your thought, to Echo, or Emphasize your doctrine, by standing as images for it, you need no other logic. — Now this relation of the stubborn mountains, & the central fires which seem to be the conservative features of the globe, that first drove them up into the air stands as a Symbol of what goes on in the moral world & teaches us a lesson concerning Social Conservatism & reform.

War-time address.
California.

624 1/2

Emphasis

Ms. M. 4. 1. 413

a mnt for Milton S. Latham

California is to vote on
Wednesday & thus express her feeling on
national questions. Nay, more, she is to
take sides. She is to say not only who
shall speak for her as one of her representatives
in the National
Senate, but what he shall speak on
the war question, & what vote her
representatives there should say. Every
citizen has the deepest interest in that
decision & that vote. Every man in
California is to be thrown into the scale
of the national destiny, on one side or
the other, perhaps at the critical mo-
ment of the nations life, by the voice
perhaps to settle the nations fate,
& ballot of the man who is to sit
in the Senate as the result of Wednesday's

suffrage. I beseech you to keep this in mind when you go to the polls day after to-morrow.

He ~~man~~ gentleman who stands out most prominently as a candidate for that office, has already served three & measure terms. He ~~has~~ returned to this State to uphold ~~the Cause~~ his reelection. He left Washington before the adjournment of Congress. He left while the Enemy were beating McClellan on James River, & the National Cause was looking dark. He arrived here while the clouds were still heavy, to learn what a call had been issued by the President upon the Patriotism of the people & how Statesmen, orators, patriots of all parties formerly, in speeches, in addresses, in resolutions, in prayers, in appeals intoned with the

Eloquence of ~~shame~~ mingled shame & agony were calling for more vigor in the war, - a sterner purpose, & heavier blows.

He appeals directly to the people himself. Does he ask them to drop party names, & rally for the Republic & the flag? No; his name, his presence, becomes a Conductor between men who will not drop the name of Democrat, & men who would rejoice to hear to-morrow that Washington was in Ashes & the President of the Republic dragged off a prisoner to the mockery of a Richmond mob!

He has made speeches in the State wh. have been printed word for word. One of them was delivered in Placerville, last Monday night. It ~~was~~ has

D

been published from Stenographic notes in the Sacramento Union, - a paper which, although it once treated me unfairly, I must say deserves the lasting gratitude of California & honor throughout the nation, for the wisdom of its counsels, & for the vigor, ability, & persistence of its blows against treason, during the last three months. - Eight solid columns of that paper are occupied with the Speech of our Senator, - his manifesto for reelection.

He tells us in that Speech, how he has been honored by the party in power in Washington. They have placed him on important Committees, - on Indian Affairs, on Post Office & Roads, on Claims, on the Enrolled Bill Committee, & on the Confidential Committee for the

Control of Telegraphs. — So member of the Senate was placed on so many Committees as he. = Think of the difference between this generous Conduct, & that of the Extreme pro-Slavery faction of wh. the Senator was once a member in their treatment of Republican Statesmen!

He tells us, ~~next~~ also, how favorable this Administration has been to California, — how it appropriated twelve millions for our defence & benefit; how it has improved our land System; how it has given an Overland Mail; how it is busy in the interest of the ~~Overland~~ Telegraph line that is to Encircle the world by a Connection with Russia, & this Coast across Behring's Straits; how in one branch of Congress it has offered half a million

for subsidy to a steamship line from this port to China; & here in a time of war, a hundred millions have been pledged by both houses of Congress, & the President's signature, for a Pacific Railroad, wh. the traitorous administration of Buchanan, wh. the gentleman supported, promised, but withheld.

And what does the Senator say to California of an administration so liberal in honoring him & wh. has been so mindful of the interests of her soil & future? Has he a generous word for it? Not one. Does he seek to strengthen ~~his~~ its ~~his~~ arm against the foe of California, of the whole Republic, of the flag, of civilization. No, but to smite it with palsy. — Of his eight closely printed columns, six are devoted

to a Criticism & Condemnation of the
policy of the Administration in Carrying
on the War, - half a Column to a Virtual
praise of himself, for his Service in Wash-
ington, & a little over one Column to a
proof that the rebellion ought not to have
been Commenced, - that it was unjustifiable.
One Column the first one, would not be Savory to Secess-
ionists, - Six Columns would be as ~~Bacon~~ luscious
to them as Carrion to a buzzard.

And the most important
of his Charges against the Administration
in his Six Columns are false. - If they were
true, what are we to think of a man
who should put them prominent, when
the Country needs to be aroused by prophetic
fervor to strike, not for its honor, but for
its Existence, & to strike through the arms

the Administration? But what are we to think of the man who telling us how the party in power has honored him, & defended this State, seeks to give the Country's Enemies a weapon against it, seeks thus ballots, by falsehoods against the party in power? — Mr. Sargent our faithful seeks to abate the fervor of patriotic devotion here representative in Congress, has shown by the votes & records of Congress, that our Senator has in instance after instance, violated the truth, in his impeachment of the Administration & its friends.

But here is one paragraph wh. Mr. Sargent did not notice.

[Quote the passage about Anti Slavery Societies in 1859]

What a monstrous act is this? ~~So far from this~~ These Speeches connected with the Republican part, or any branch of it! They were made ~~by the~~ at a Convention of the wildest Abolitionist, Mr. Garrison's friends, who never voted, who denounced the Constitution & Voting under it, & who were accustomed to introduce Resolutions denouncing the Republican party & also. Censuring Charles Sumner as one of the most Efficient allies of the Slave power. = To make Cause against the. They were all of them, a thousand miles nearly from any wing of the Democratic party. to weaken the devotion of California to him in such an hour as this, head of this Nation, our Senator descends to this terrible depth of Calumny, & the Ears of his rebel Auditors ~~echo~~ tingle with delight. — No wonder that at the close of his speech in Marysville, we are told that ~~they~~ the Senator was Cheered, but that when Cheers were called for the

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Union, the meeting was hoarse or tired.

The Senator tells us that Mr. Wendell Phillips, at that Convention where Washington was called a traitor, criticized his Character as a Slaveholder, although he could not endorse the harsh Epithets wch. others had applied. And he tells us further how he was shocked to see the Vice President, last winter, shake hands with Wendell Phillips on the floor of the Senate. Mr. Phillips had been making Speeches the rebel calling on the North to arm against Slaveholders who hated the Nation. That was the reason the Vice President gave him his hand. — Our Senator could perhaps; Extend his right hand; it was locked in the grasp of Jesse D. Bright. It was in

pledge to the man whose pen had written
a letter to Jefferson Davis, calling him Pres-
ident of the Confederate States, & recommending
to him a man who wished to sell him
improved fire-arms for the purpose of shooting
down ~~the~~ the defenders of the Stars & Stripes.
— ~~He~~ Our Senator attacks the Vice President for giving
his hand in momentary Courtesy to Wendell Phillips
just converted from ~~his~~ a Secession platform.
He gives his own right hand to Bright,
tried to save him from Expulsion from
the Senate, & tells us in California
that Bright's act was "unjustifiable
but not inexcusable". Not inexcusa-
ble in a Senator from a loyal State,
to write to Jefferson Davis as President
of the Rebel Confederacy, & to introduce to
him the inventor of a better method of slaughter

Americans! And he agues that it was not inexcusable, because public Sentiment did not greatly preponderate then on the loyal side. — Now we are to understand that the moment there is a doubt about public Sentiment, a Senator sworn to fidelity to the Constitution may begin to sharpen his pen for such messages to President Davis!

Gentlemen are we to send such a voice to Congress as our voice? The Senator says he cannot support any policy that Confiscates rebel property, or invites refugees to our side. If such a policy is to be carried out, he does not want to return to the Senate. And he quotes these lines, as apropos: —

"More true joy Marcellus Exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels."

After reading his Speeches in this Crisis of agony of the nation, the State ought to allow Marcellus to have his fill of "true joy".

It is no time for Amphibious politicians. "If the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" The Senators trumpet begins the music of the "Star Spangled banner", but it can't hold up to those stately & noble strains; ~~but~~ it sinks down soon into the namby pamby notes "I wish I was in Dixie, away! away!"

A few years ago when the Maine Liquor Law was in operation down East, a newspaper ~~was~~ wrote an account

N.

of Mr. Ensign Stebbins who he described as ~~was~~ a Candidate for Election to the Maine Legislature from a small town in that noble State. Parties were joined there on the question of the Maine Law, & they were pretty evenly balanced. — They addressed Ensign Stebbins as to his views. He replied: "I am in favor of the Maine Law, & opposed to its Execution!" His reply perhaps was unjustifiable, "but not inexcusable" considering the state of public sentiment. — Our Senator, if he were inclined to rhyme in his platform might put it thus: ~~It~~ Certainly thus his Placerville manifesto may be summed up: —

I am for pushing this war on with vigor:
I am opposed to Employing the nigger.

Words can't express my deep condemnation
of all kinds of treason & all conspiration.

I spoke for the Union in Congress last season,
But likewise for Buglet who was expelled for treason.

There's little to choose in my way of thinkin'
'Twixt Jefferson Davis & Abraham Lincoln.

There is but one ipse of Treason & Sin,
Yet shoulds there be — Sin on the side that I'm in.

No, Gentlemen, we want
nothing of this rhetoric that dissolves
before your Eye into Sylla bles Sawn to men
whose Ears are straining for news of
the melting of our Armies from the
Potomac — ~~Campbell's Defence~~ . —

Ms. M. 4. 1. 414

Miscellaneous

fragments of
addresses.

of the magical changes that would be wrought, if the pressures & dead weights of the body could be annihilated; & the myriads of beings about us, like balloons cut from their fastenings, should range themselves at once into a Society according to the affinities & specific gravity of their real natures. Fifth Avenues & Beacon Sts. would then be gained & held by real delight in beauty & refinement of nature; & many who had nominally lived there would fall to the alleys & the by ways of the permanent universe, by degrees of Spirit. The new streets that would appear would be paved by mental &

moral laws. The real President, representative in his nature of the whole diameter of American history, from the Faith that twined about Plymouth Rock to the patient fortitude that rebuilds the hotel in Distant Lawrence, would rise to the real White House; & instead of the slipping huddled Anarchy of our visible society, the latent Order would become the palpable order;- ties of spirits would visit sink to the deeps of dissipation, misery, or remorse, others would float on the dreary strata of envy, pride, & self-love; some would find the bulkhead

desires of the sphere of truth ~~through their love~~
through their controlling intellectual powers
~~sphere of their desires of will~~; their
the rosy realm of beauty; the selectest
hands would attain the serene warm
light of Charity; & so Society would
show the order of Dante's great poem
landing itself in circles of ~~light~~ life, that
narrow downwards to the base of hell,
& sweep up, & up, & up, yet to the joys of Paradise.

We exist only in space, &
yet there are some scientific & artistic
space
relations to a man's true life eh. it
is delightful to see fulfilled. Fortunate
is the human being that can have

his life based on nature, that can have a little garden spot, or acre of soil, whose fruits, & animals, vines, roses and beauty bear witness to his mastery, & wreathe his life with the lower & aspiring forces of the planet. He need to be spaced as well as organized. Willis has most happily condensed & pointed the necessity of a proper physical basis for a rich human life, in saying, that "a man in the country is like a fig on the tree; a man in the city is like a fig in the drum."

Then, too, the house

should express the tendencies & deeds of a person's life. Man alone has a home. The beasts burrow for physical protection. Man represents & reduces reduces + the universe in the furniture & the luxuries of his house — astronomy in his pictures, the flora in his carpets, the water-courses of the globe in his service-pipes, the sun & stars in his gas & chandeliers, the universal bounty in his larder & table, the beauty of the globe in the pictures of his walls. And so if a man really lives in his house, the furniture & ornaments will bear testimony to inward qualities, and hinting the larger

express or feed them. The pictures you see will have vascular ties to some taste of his, - so that they could not be torn from the walls without tearing his sensibilities too; ~~there~~ the books on the shelves will tell the directions & proportions of his mental interests; (instead of being, often, gammon boards in a double sense,) the furniture will be fitted to his ease & comforts. A man's home ought to be ~~built~~ created really by the perspiration of his spirit, as a crab or lobster sweats his shell.

52½

^ The hollowness of much of our boasted civilization is betrayed in the insincerity with wh. our

Go into any of the old Sea port towns or cities at the East, & Study the style of houses that were built fifty years ago by persons of competence; compare them with the Structures on the same Scale of property of to-day, & See if you must not decide that character has lost Something in Strength & proportions. Men evidently do not feel now that they are built on such a Scale, & therefore don't care to have thick walls, & large Square rooms & a ~~front~~ noble hall through the centre of the house, &

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express or feed them. The pictures you see will have vascular ties to some taste of his, - so that they could not be torn from the walls without tearing his sensibilities too; ~~there~~ the books on the shelves will tell the directions & proportions of his mental interests; the furniture will be fitted to his ease & comforts. A man's home ought to be ~~built~~ created (instead of being, often, gammon boards in a double sense,) really by the perspiration of his spirit, as a crab or lobster sweats his shell.

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a grand cellar. I tremble for California when I see how tenements are built here. They are toads-tools. They lack two essential elements of a house, - top & bottom. They have no cellars & no garets. - You can't have a stubborn civilization without cellars, - the roots of domestick. You can't have poetry in civilization without genuine garets, - any more than you can have patriotism wh. stands for pro aris et focis, for altars & hearths, with a generation that warms themselves by air-tight stoves. - Three quarters of the houses of this city could be swept away without leaving any evidence that they were clamped into

houses are furnished, after they have
been thrown together by Carpenters &
masons too much in a hurry to
mortice the beams, & make mortar
that will stick. It is the rarest &
the most delightful thing in this
Country to go into a house that
has the life of two generations in
it, or even that whispers a word to you of love,
& struggle, & reverence, & enjoyment
from the past. It is almost as
rare to find a house where taste
competent to use the money that
built it, has devised & arranged its
ornament. You know the story of

a grand cellar.* I tremble for California when I see how tenements are built here. They are toads-tools. They lack two essential elements of a house, - top & bottom. They have no cellars & no garrets. - You can't have a stubborn civilization without cellars, - the roots of domestic. You can't have poetry in civilization without genuine garrets, - any more than you can have patriotism wh. stands ~~for~~ pro aris et focis, for altars & hearths, with a generation that warm themselves by air-tight stoves. - Three quarters of the houses of this city could be swept away without leaving any evidence that they were clamped into existence.

* Cellars

houses are furnished, after they have been thrown together by Carpenters & masons too much in a hurry to mortice the beams, & make mortar that will stick. It is the rarest & the most delightful thing in this Country to go into a house that has the life of two generations in it, or even that whispers a word to you of love, & struggle, & reverence, & enjoyment from the past. It is almost as rare to find a house where Castle Compelent & use the money that built it, has devised & arranged its ornament. You know the story of

the visitor from the country who, after going through his friend's stately palace in New York, & seeing his array of black servants to take care of it, reported that he found him "keeping a negro-boarding house in Fifth Avenue". And so I have known a man, grown suddenly rich, to visit the store of a friend of mine, who deals in imported French Copies of pictures not by the Old Masters, & order two hundred dollars' worth to cover the bare walls of a large parlor, & then to hesitate ~~at last~~ before a vivid delineation of the judgment of

Solomon, price eighteen dollars, with the remark that he was in a little doubt "what Comoseum might say of it." — It is easy to make a house attractive, however humble, if the elements of a real human life magnetize its furniture, & breathe upon you from its walls, — if the dining-room, though small, is the sign of hospitalities that honestly flow out towards acquaintances, & manners that adorn the food; if the parlor is the type of delicate amenities & social sentiments that are the parlor-district of the soul; if the

library-room, or book-case, is the out-birth of the intellectual faculty of the owner, & the picture, engraving, statue, or bust, really represents the hall of imagination & taste, in the inward temple of the spirit, that rises far away from the kitchen of appetite, — so that the house is the symbol of the exquisite proportions of the human spirit, or the pattern of ch. the gaudiest house, if it is an honest one, must always be dared. Such alone is the house a man lives in; in any other one he only exists.

The same criticism we have made upon Space, as related to our life, applies to time. We exist in time, but we do not live in it. A mind cut off from the body could not properly be said to be any where: cut off from the measures & alternations of the physical universe, from the clock-work of Space, from any ties to the beating pulse, dinner necessities, deafness, rheumatism, Election-days, it would experience no when. Time would be gone. Every thing would depend on thoughts.

& states. A long period would be one in wh. the mind should pass through many varied states, with vivid consciousness of each: a short one, when few ideas or emotions should pass sluggishly through the mind. In Dreams when our nature acts more freely, according to its own laws, we feel something of the power wh. the soul has to crowd eternity into an hour, or stretch an hour into eternity. Swedenborg says that the Angels have no idea of time, or concerning of time, & do not even know what a year is, or a month, a week, or an hour.-

to-day, tomorrow or yesterday. They live apart from each other by States, and their Calendar is dotted by new experience.

That is the way we really do live. If the rate of our existence could be made slower, so that it should take three times as long to think a thought, we shouldn't live any more here, though we should exist three times as many years. I suspect the secret about father Methusaleh is, that he was a pretty slow coach over the sandy waste of his years. The notes of his life

had no crotchets, nor demiquavers,
probably, few to a bar like ours, but were all
semibreves, with long rests between,
so that his centuries were sung out
very much like Old Hundred lined
off in a Scotch meeting-house. Just
out of his go-cart at fifty, put to the
primer at ninety, thinking of getting
married at two hundred, with no
newspapers, opera, or politics, he was
an inexperienced youth at nine hundred
& fifty, compared with what his life
would have been, if he had been a
companion of Luther through the
years of the Reformation, or could

have been in active life here from the breaking out of the Revolution till now. He may have owned herds of camels in his Mesopotamian pastures, but many a fast young man of to-day could prove to him, that he had never seen the Elephant. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

On a great many tomb stones, therefore, that tell us, "here lies Mr. So & So, aged seventy years" we should read, if the real life-measures were carved, "in memory of a soul that lived five minutes." Our

birth-days, or temporal mile-posts, are new thoughts, fresh joys, deeper feelings, crowning seasons of wider outlook into the world. All ~~the~~ spaces between these are routine, continuation of our existence, not epochs of inward time: ~~or multiplied copies of an hour or two of real life whose deepest value was in the first proof-impression.~~

A dandy lives from one ^ neck-tie 62½ ^ giving his whole mind, as Punch says, to the pattern of his cravat; or pair of boots to another; a fashionable woman from one wrinkle to another; ^ the office holder from one Presidential Election to the next; an Epicure from terrapin to terrapin; a philosopher ~~philanthopist~~ from ~~the~~ the perception of one principle to another, a philanthropist from one fact of service, or state of joy in the triumph of right, to another, — with dinners, talk,

You have heard possibly of the two men who grew very warm in discussing the relative merits & healthfulness of Bourbon whisky & Brandy. "Why," said one, "there's Col. Stickney, sixty years old & has drunk whisky ever since he was fifteen. Who's healthier than he is?" "What do I care for that?" replied the other. "If he'd chosen brandy for a steady drink, he'd have been dead, sure, by this time".

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A western Orator says - Men generally live over about the same surface: some live long & narrow, & others live broad & short. 63

& business to fill up the gaps. Are you to measure a life like Herschel's, as you would an ordinary laborer's, by the number of times in wh. a star travels to the Zenith & down the west? The whole sidereal system is the clock that measures the movements & moments of his broad mind; & detecting the balance ~~relations~~ of its and compensations of its constellated wheels, & the equable pressure ~~impression~~ of its weights of gravitation, & forecasting the mighty period when it shall have struck one of its awful hours, he lives, during his earthly minutes,

to the full extent of that vast period, lives as truly to that amount, as he would, if he should remain here an hundred Centuries, & should be able, during that long existence, to penetrate only so far into the order of the majestic Chronometer of the Skies!

And so to estimate what life may be on this planet, think of what its Coming hours long lines of have been, when, experience have come to a focus in some great mans career! Think of the amount & quality of feeling that was packed

into the moments when Copernicus, with his mind's eye, saw the sun stand still, & the earth begin to flutter about it like a moth! Think of the sublime emotion heaving the soul of Newton when the law of gravitation is ~~breaking~~ victor certainty before his eye, &, in the first blaze of that revelation, he sees that his name must be written forever in star-fire on the arch of night! Think what a moment was ~~that~~ to Leverrier, the French Astronomer, when he heard from Berlin that the new planet had been worked.

by the agency of his Mathematics,
& that it had been given to him
to spin around the solar System
a wider thread of reflected light!
Imagine what Miltiades must have
felt when he saw the Persian
squadrons reel & retreat from Mara-
thon; or Wellington when the old
guard of Waterloo staggered, at last,
& fell back, like spent & melting
foam, from the ~~immovable~~ stoic
valor of Mont. St. Jean! And what
Washington experienced when he
received the sword of the English
General at Yorktown, & subscribed

the first parchment on wh. the Constitution was written, seeing, then, that his patience & persistent hope were to be the basis of a wide empire, & such a structure of liberty as had not been known on the earth! Or what was in the genius of Raphael (Raffaelle) when the Transfiguration just floated as a perfect vision before his inward eye; or what Beethoven felt when the fifth Symphony came rolling from ideal orchestras upon the enclosed ears of his soul; or what Columbus must have experienced, on the deck of the Pinta, when the

Scriptural assurance was fulfilled
to him "before the upright there
arose a light in the darkness"
& St. Salvador lifted that little candle over
throwing its beams far back upon Castile, &
the forward into all future time
Atlantic wh. infinitely repaid him
for the jeers of a Continent, & the
long indifference of Courts, & the mutiny
of Companions & Crew, - Showing that
the round idea wh. had haunted him
was answered by a new hemisphere
that rose solid from the sea! And
over these pictures from the ~~uninspired~~
secular history of genius, set in your
thought the passage from the biography
of our Savior, when, as the seventy

returned to him, & told him that the word was heard with joy. The long, slow triumph of his mission was condensed into one flash of vision & rapture, as he beheld Satan like lightning fall from heaven!"

We must turn ~~like~~ to pictures like these to know how wide the ideal treasuries of life are; how feebly the Dinner-hours & Almanac divide & suggest it; & how all the toils & sufferings ~~that lie~~ in the path of devotion & sacrifice that attend consecration, are repaid by the bliss that is crowded into the few seasons of success!

In order to take powerful hold of these ideal resources & import substance from them, life must be calm. In these days we talk about living fast. The fact is, that we exist to fast, as to have scarcely time to live at all. Never since Adam has there been a society with such slight root in things as our American civilization shows to-day. We hurry to our business, & hurry home, & hurry to the opera & [many of us] get time to hurry to Church, & risk

* pull up our root in the East & run it the west. half pull up the land,
have no agriculture, but only scratch culture.

through the last novel, & in fact so very much through our track of duties 9 years, as a boy runs over what he calls the "titty benders" of a pond, so uncertain of footing that if he should stop a moment he would sink. A genuine Yankee no doubt gains a year or two of life, by the very momentum of his rush, that carries him by the appointed hour of his departure. In this way the world runs off from us like water from a rubber coat. A rolling stone whizzing soul Settlers imbibes no moss: a no wisdom. There was never such a time to dwell in for breadth & splendor of material to enrich life,

& yet the results of our Science & thinking, art & discovery, are rarely dijested & assimilated into the Chesacter & happiness of the people whose existence ~~may be~~ ther mechanically touched.

We often hear our age characterized by some striking formula. There is great deal of wisdom in the speech of a shrewd old native at a fourth of July dinner, who said, "this gentlemen is the age of electric telegraphs, Neuralgy, & ready-made clothing," — the lightning our post-horse, Our nerves Boken down by over work, & Stereotypes in our sleep, because we have & no time to devote to tailors!

— Milliner & Cooper —

It is the age of the steam-press & a new book every minute. And no truth needs to be burned into the brain more deeply, than that reading belongs simply to the mind's existence — the mind's life consists in the wisdom derived from books & things. Think what a cullender the head of an omnivorous reader is, & how Dickens, & Macaulay, & Dr. Antonio, & Dr. Kane, & Ned, & the Tribune, & Bayard Taylor, & Jane Eyre, & the Dutch Republic go pouring through, depositing one mere memory & one rare & clear fact in the mud, leaving as much trace on the substance of the mind itself, as liquids on a tin-sieve. We get life

from a book when the mind acts upon it as a gland upon the blood, secreting tears, or gastric juice or bile. Mr. Beecher has said that the two cheapest things in this country are reading & Rum. ~~Both are too cheap~~ There would be infinitely more Mental life in the community if the press ^The first, like the last, are too generally now stimulants & means of dissipation rather than food & source of strength. could be stopped for a generation, & all books kept out of every household but Shakespeare, & the Bible, & the solid history of the human race up to this hour, - so that the intellect should be Obliged, instead of being entertained with novelties, to strike for nutriment - into the rich substance of those volumes, & feel them like a stream of water under the tap -

I do not know but that the demand among us for the Lecture System, is an illustration of the same law of fast living. As we can't wait for the mail to give us news, but must have it concentrated by telegraph, so, it has been said, that we are growing impatient of getting at Authors through books, but must have the juice of their personality with the words, — & so

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- just as in Cuba
the people won't buy
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The value of a civilization depends on what it enables an average man to pour into his twenty four hours. He can pour Herschel's Astronomy, Lyell's Geology, the music of Handel or Mozart, a drama of Shakespeare, a chapter of the Bible a thought of Goethe, Emerson, Landor or Carlyle. One shelf of a book-case will hold the distinctive intellectual victories of our modern Century; & it is only by calm & slow absorption from them into the substance of the intellect, so that the grade

of life is lifted, that we have any vital relations to the wide world of literature, & are helped essentially by the steam-press & the common school.

We felicitate ourselves, also, on the ease with wh. we travel: now, & the. Amount we can see of the planet, - as if hurrying wer surface could enrich the intellect, or vary the wisdom. 76½ An old Pennsylvania farmer shrewdly said that, in old times of Stage-Coaches, when a man must stop in country hotels three

Many of You have seen the Englishman
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or four nights, in going a hundred miles, talking with the companions of his journey, & mixing with the company of the bar-room, a young man ~~who~~ could not be gone a week from home without learning something solid; but that now, in the days of lightning-trains, he could travel to the Mississippi & come home as great a fool as he went. It must be confessed, also, that the old farmer ~~had~~ enforced his opinion by prefixing to the word "fool" an epithet which savored more of strength than righteousness. And so men

go to Europe, see the paint & varnish of Paris, the Rhine unwind like a ribbon from the windows of a car, & bring home in their memory a jumble of dissolving views in wh. Mt. Blanc & the Matterhorn, Cologne Cathedral, & the Dresden Madonna are mixed & confused, & dream that they have added to their life by the vision. of the Continent. What the old Dutchman said at Chillon in Lake Geneva is a type of the experience of many a foreign traveller. He had heard something vaguely about Byron's poem of "the Prisoner of Chillon", and

so he asked "where was old Byron chained"? He was informed that no such occurrence had taken place in that neighborhood, but still insisted "yes he was chained somewhere near here, because he would not take off his hat to Sealer's cap; then he broke away; then they catch him again, & put him on the ~~island~~ isle of Elba, for two & thirty years, & let him see no body but his man Friday. A real visit to. hasty-pudding of historic association is especially what comes of our three months' slipping over Europe is aided by the steady resources that have soaked the life of loving centuries one finds afterward in life, the intellect, the taste, & the religious

nature, from having seen the white ermine of the Jury Dean, & the eyes of the Dresden Madonna, from having probed the civilization of a Catholic land, from having stood under the arches of a Cathedral, & heard a Vesper Mass, from the memory of a twilight hour on Waterloo, & a moonlight visit to the Coliseum, or the sight of an Etruscan tomb.

All life is conditioned on the calmness & patient absorption from the realities around us into ourselves. Thus the Eastern life has always been deeper than the Western,

& out of it has come the Bible, & our deepest inspiration. The two severest criticisms on our modern & Western civilization have come to us from the East & Mohammedism. One was from a Turkish Carpenter of Aleppo, to whom an eminent Missionary was trying to reveal the Christian faith. His efforts were met by this reply: "You make fine ships, & sharp penknives, & good clock & collars; & you write & print marvellous dictionaries & grammars: all this is of God. But instead of this, God has been pleased to give us the Knowledge

He therefore does a service for our Community who learns a fact thoroughly, drives a nail & clinches it, puts stout timbers into a house, & proves a part where the house isn't jammed & where the bond is Conversation, or music & not the oysters & wine.

Life is dependent on
the power of absorption,
& is manifest precisely
to that Extent. Not the
Scale of our Existence,
not the objects with wh.
we surround ourselves,
not the splendor of cir-
cumstances, not the
money we are able to
spend ~~to~~ upon & Exhibit = it
pleasures, but the
hunger & play of powers
within, that relate us
to the domains of truth,
& Enjoyment, & taste.

It is often the
case that a casual
visiter lives on the
splendor & ~~wealth~~ luxuries
of another's stately abode
~~not~~ by appreciating the
pictures, the engravings,
the busts, the rare books
wh. are only tied by a
money-title to the nom-
inal owner's hands. The
paint on the canvas
stares upon the outside
of the eye of the host. The
painting of the artist
opens at once to the
Eye of the guest. —

A man worth a million lives only from hand to mouth if his chief delight is represented by turtle & terrapin.

One per cent more of faculty is more than a hundred per cent increase of money. ~~Life~~ The universe meets you ~~Nature~~ as you are destitute of the power of absorption - though you travel over the surface of the planet. It oozes into you though you stay forever at home - you if you have a living fibre of intellect or heart in communion with it.

See how the mushroom can do nothing more than hoist its little pleated parasol out of the same rich element & into the

same boundless light,
pour wh. the oak-seed
finds it just as easy to
imbibe. Allows it tremendous
would the mushroom fain. Especially in
strength. This is the despotic
life: if you should transplant it into a golden pot,
law in the republic!
build a palace to hold it, & feed it with water from silver urns?
the intellect - money supplies
my scale - mind & faculty alone
give life, & what a man
stands for, the truth & resources
packed into him, the music
you evoke by knocking on the
structure of his personality,
showing how much, & what,
he has absorbed out of nature
tells how much life he knows
& has. "Each is bounded by his nature
And remains the same in stature
In the valley, on the mountain.
Scoop your ocean & your fountain
With a poor hand or a richer,
You can only fill your pitcher."

of the true religion by wh. one may be saved". — The second was written in a letter by a Turkish Cadi to Mr. Layard, or one of his friends, who had addressed to that functionary for some information about the antiquity & history of the city in wh. he lived. It runs thus, in part: "My illustrious friend & joy of my liver! The thing you ask me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I enquired into the number of the inhabitants; & as to what we learn books on

his mule, & the other slows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. Oh my Lamb! Thou hast spoken many words; & there is no harm done, for the Speaker is one & the Listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another, till thou art happy & content in none. We, praise be to God, were born here, & never desire to quit it. Listen, Oh My Son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God. Why shall we say behold this star ~~spinneth~~ around that star, & this

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other star with a tail goeth & Cometh
in so many years! Let it go! He
pen whose hand it came will guide
& direct it. I praise God that I
seek not that oh. I require not.
Tell much knowledge create for thee
a double belly or wilt thou seek
Paradise with thine eyes?"

So life comes from
striking deep into the ~~sources~~ realities
right around us. ~~The~~ Some good woman
in ~~the~~ an old Country farm house, that
wisely clears away the Dinner dishes,
puts on a clean cap, takes her
knitting, sits in the afternoon sunlight,

thinks of her dear boy away off in the distant City, & loves her Savior, comes nearer into sympathy with that calm, Oriental life, wh looks for much rather than many things, & has more vital relations to the depths of nature, than the restless & clamorous Epicurean disposition can gain that goes on its sighing search for something to waken ~~it~~ its jaded nerves, & exhausts the universe in vain attempts to banish its ennui.

If the nature only sinks deep Enough, there will be no possibility of "Exhausting life", as the phrase runs.

The greatest natures find richness & stimulant Enough in the ordinary privileges of Existence to keep them strong, healthy & Content. We are to make use of our years just as a tree makes use of the ground. We do not hear of any tree disgusted with Existence because it has nothing new to offer, anxious to pull up & chase through the planet in Search of a fresh Sensation. It strikes its roots down confidently, finds the same simple Elements of soil, air & light that nourished its first twigs & blossoms, sufficient for its widening circles & hardening growth, competent to form the glorious muscles of its maturity, & to supply

juices for the luxuriant leafage that, at last, covers a hundred branches & rejoices in the wind.

And so we come to consider the fact that real life is cheap, that its majestic priviliges are common. The shows of Existence are costly: the Elegances that flatter the senses are costly: but the substances of life are cheap. The ~~deep~~ inmost nature of a human being can get fed just as richly, if it really has the appetite for the Essences & not the surfaces of life, in a small room sparely furnished, as in a marble palace. Nature is supplied to ab-

most Everybody without tax. The splendors of the morning, the pomp of ~~Evening~~ Sunset, the gush of beauty in the Spring, the solemn magnificence of midnight, - God's tapestries & upholstery for the mind of man, are given Equally to the poor & the wealthy. It wants only the faculty to appropriate them.

And the best things of the human world travel to all. Shakspere may be owned by Everybody. Milton will be a guest in Every house, & recite his sonorous fable of the Angelic rebellion & the loss of Paradise. For a single Homer & Dante will repeat their verses to the poor man who cares to ask them, after his day of toil;

or Meudon & Herschel will come to tell him of the scale & forces of Creation. - The topmost literature of the world, the "consummate flower" of genius, the fountains & inspiration of thought, can be owned for fifty dollars, - to say nothing of the wondrous Bible, that will introduce Isaiah, & David, & Job & Paul to any but "without money & without price".

When old Socrates was invited to remove to a distant city that he might be supported in pomp by a monarch at his court, he said - "Why should I leave Athens where meal is five cents a peck & water costs nothing?" He could find nothing

See how the best things of the human world are given! The genius of history inspires a Shakspere, & then bestows him on the world, - mixing his thoughts with the whole intellectual atmosphere of the Saxon race.

It educates a Milton, & Enriches with him the resources of the English tongue.

It slowly produces an Orchestra, & lets the world have the benefit of it for twenty five cents.

It builds the Bible as

the Earth is built. It is
in Every sense the book
of Life. Life is Crowded
into Every wrinkle of it.
Saurian passions & Crimes
are in its Strata. Buried
Kingdoms are in its volcanic
ashes. Prayers burst up
from the lowest deep of
a tumultuous Experience
spire like the Andes
into the heavens. Proverbs
are
in it that fossilize the
wisdom of wildest observa-
tion; Epistles that would
would appease
~~out of~~ the storms & clash
of rival religions & hostile

races, – & books that
open to us the loveliest
landscape of life – the
Great Shepherd, & the green
pastures, & the still wa-
ters, & the Soul's peace.

And the Bible, thus
compacted, thus Crammed
with the wisdom of life
not abstracts, but
told, by pictures of
life itself, is given free
to the human race.

wh. a foreign prince could shower on him
by wealth, Equal to the civilization of Athens -
the Parthenon wh. cost him nothing, - the Phid-
ian Jupiter, the marble bas-reliefs of the
temples, the public speaking of the Agora,
the dramas ~~of~~ of Aeschylus, the farces of
Aristophanes, the talk with Euripides, the
Enchanting Symmetry of the ~~people~~ living Stat-
ues that moved like gods around him, &
wh. were free to him as air.

So the best things, the real
privileges of a city like Boston are free.
Its organic life, for instance, the civilization
that has accumulated from all the generations
since the Puritans, the social order, the food

its partnership in the blessings of the American constitution

government, - that cost the whole Revolution -
the common schools - the topmost success of
Civil society thus far in history - are for the
humble as for the high. The best architecture,
too, Gothic & Grecian is owned by any Eye that
can appreciate it. The most glorious grounds
- infinitely superior to any private Estate in
the vicinity, where the Crimson evening shows
its splendor when the Sun wraps his robes
about him Cesar-like to die" is truly a Com
mon." No man is rich enough to possess
such paintings & statues as the Athenæum
shows for a quarter of a dollar. No man
can command such music as a selfish
luxury, as has often been offered, on a

Winter afternoon in the grandest hall of the city - a symphony of Beethoven, Jones from Mozart & Rossini & Weber, for the price of a common meal. And when a great Orator comes to the town the doors of Faneuil Hall must be thrown wide that the people may hear him as cheaply as Athens heard Demosthenes. - That which is highest in the life & opportunities of the city cannot be monopolized. It is only the delights of the senses the dinsel of Existence, - that which when it is over amounts to no more than last year's snow-flakes on the sea, which is costly. Life & the sources of life - all that feeds the deepest manhood, all that endures in the

for The public opens a library in an ample building for the poorest mechanic that would to ennoble an evening hour.

substance of the personality - truth, beauty, art, the luxuries of the soul, are to be had for the knocking of our faculties at their stores.' So does the ordering of the world call us to contentment, & to admiration of its cunning socialism that slowly lifts us, century by century, to share & common social privilege that are unspeakably above the differences of lot wh. private wealth ordains.

"A happy life must sure be his,
The lord not slave, of things;
who values life for what it is,
And not for what it brings."

Existence is finite, physical, a matter of space & time, adorned by money, influenced by station, displayed on visible scale of grandeur. Life is inward, ideal, permanent, the growth of our inmost selves by the

Winter afternoon in the grandest hall of the city - a symphony of Beethoven, pieces from Mozart & Rossini & Weber, for the price of a common meal. And when a great Orator comes to the town the doors of Faneuil Hall must be thrown wide that the people may hear him as cheaply as Athens heard Demosthenes. - That which is highest in the life & opportunities of the city cannot be monopolized. It is only the delights of the senses the dissipations of existence, - that which when it is over amounts to no more than last year's snow-flakes on the sea, which is costly. Life & the sources of life - all that feeds the deepest manhood, all that endures in the

The public opens a library in an ample building for the poorest mechanic that would ennoble an evening.

substance of the personality - truth, beauty, art, the impulses of the soul, are to be had for the knocking of our faculties at their stores.' So does the ordering of the world call us to condemnation, & to admiration of its cunning socialism that slowly lifts us, century by century, to a more & common social privilege that are unspeakably above the differences of lot wh. private wealth ordains.

"A happy life must sure be his,
The lord not slave, I think;
who values life for what it is,
And not for what it sinks."

Existence is finite, physical, a matter of space & time, adorned by money, influenced by station, displayed on visible scale of grandeur. Life is inward, ideal, permanent, the growth of our inmost selves by the

absorption through faculties from the substances of the things we digest. It is measured by degrees, by the depth of Nature. And it is crowned by that Everlasting life wh. the Scripture speaks, no abstraction - no hazy speculation, but wh. is simply a vital hold on the highest of the Everlasting things, the most potent substance of the Universe, - just as a flower is rooted in the Sun - ~~a hundred millions of miles away~~, as much as in the Earth, - drawing from the ground as a battery, by its roots, & equally drawing nutriment, inspiration & color, by invisible sensibilities, from the fund of light & fire & magnetic streams, that are stored in the Solar ball, a hundred millions of miles away.

Monday Nov 24. 1856

It is unspeakably more invisible than visible in its sources & its stores. It is intellectual more than physical in its quality; & all nature has contributed to it, from the wild sparks of comet that shakes aroith ~~like hair~~ Electric hair from its whizzing disc, & from the "sweet influences that bind the Pleiades," to the central fire that melted the granite, & shoots its savage tongue from the snowy apex of Etna.

~~It~~ Love of beauty is one of the channels through which we get twisted in vitally with the hills & the sea, — with the grace suffused in trees,

that makes their limbs
bend in Gothic Arches,
that flushes the west
with Sunset pomp, & flings
the insubstantial fold of
Evening over the meadow-
grass!

Generous
~~Noble~~ Sympathies
are still nobler avenues
of it, through wh. a man
gets into the Atmosphere
of a great Cause, mixes
himself with a mighty Sen-
timent, feels himself Strength-
ened by Every ~~Pulse~~ advance of it,
& so lives, not so much in
Space & Time, as on the

Surge of a great move-
ment of Providence, that
has rolled to us out of
the past, & is sweeping
by ~~to~~ to break in victory
on some distant century.

The hold on a great
principle is a still ~~a~~
grander manifestation of
it, by wh. a man strikes
into a stadium deeper
than all space, yes thrusts
his fleeting Experience with
an everlasting law that
radiates from the throne
of God.

See how the best things are given! The genius of history inspires a Shakspeare & then bestows him on the world - mixes his thought with whole intellectual atmosphere - Educates Milton & gives him to the English tongue - slowly produces an orchestra & lets world have benefit of it for 25 cents - builds the Bible as the Earth is built - life crowded into every wrinkle of it - Saurian saforous scions in its strata - buries Kyoms in its ashes - prays with tremendous Eyebrows in them - Strands that fossilize a whole room of word observation - poetic musings - Epistles full of

of Silver." But his principles, his piety, & his prayers 46
were only of the head. Strength of soul was eaten out
of him by the rust of sensuality. He rotted the heart
of the nation through the contagion of his license;
& when he died, bequeathed to his son a kingdom
loosely knit together, & flushed with the hectic
splendor that denotes decay. 9-

And on a larger scale, in the glaring
Capitals of national fortunes & power, we read the
same truth, - the organising, invincible energy of life.
The futility of that Persian Expedition against Greece,
wh. seems so wonderful, arose from the fact that
there was more life, more Embodied power, in
the little compass of those Hellenic states, than
in the Median Empire. And during its fresh, enthu-
siastic, heroic age, Greece was unconquerable by the
world. Armies & armaments might have dashed
against her with as little permanent result as the

Works of Roman art - compared with those of Greek -
restless, but not Hellenic zeal —
Greek colonization civilization - depended on winds, soft climate
R. Roman marched slowly + powerfully. organised everywhere
military roads baths. aqueducts, amphitheatres —

mad beat of the surf against a promontory. It was 47
ong when her critical & sophistical age began, when all
the fibrous energies in her character softened & liquefied,
& the soul, - as Carlyle said of Lord Brougham - became
wish-wash, & run into tongue, that she was conquered
& enslaved. ~~~ ~~~ Rome ruled the world, because
the weaker, nebulous world gravitated naturally to
that iron city. It was the centre of gravity in moral
nature, & could not but rule. That grim, tough, silent
life, like the sullen heat of a furnace, made it-
self felt to the cold shores of the Baltic, the coasts
of Britain, & the seaward boundaries of Gaul. The
most obdurate opposition was wrestled down by
the hard vigor of Roman thews. The period when
Rome began to be eloquent, learned, refined, to
know how to speak, & to delight in words, & in
articulately uttered thoughts, was the period of her
decline in virtue, vigor & success. ~~ And to-day

the great positive nations of the world, the na-
tions that are doing something, & not dispoloing awy, -
are Rufsia, silent & stern, "drilling an immense
semi-barbarous half-world from Finland & Kamt-
schatka, into rule & subordination;" - England, with
a pulse like a cannon-ball, whose published epic,
"written in huge characters on the face of the planet,
is legible throughout the solar system"; - & Amer-
ica, without a literature, inelequent as cities
lay, adorned with no great poem but the Decla-
ration of Independence, with no works of art, but
the constitutions of * our free states, void of
great triumphs of genius, if we except our na-
tional election-days, & with no written books of
History either by Bancroft or Prescott, so splendid
as the acted Histories of states founded, forests
felled & changing into cities, & a new Empire won
for freedom on the shore of the pacific sea.

We cannot all be Alexanders: his genius was no merit of his, but we can all do what with his genius he could not do - keep sober & maintain an even temper. We may not possess the intellect of Bacon but nobler than Bacon we can keep our honor pure & never betray a friend. We cannot become Napoleons, but in the private walks of life we may exhibit strength & nobility enough to do what the hero of Marengo & Lodi was unable to accomplish - always tell the truth.

But enough & too much of illustration. The great fact wh. lies at the centre of History, the History of the streets in wh. we tread, & of the ages & Empires of the past, is the strength & power of life. A million witnesses start up on every hand to tell us that thought organised is more mighty than thought printed. Tongue is not the most worthy organ, nor are books the greatest instruments of the soul. Genius has other channels than the brain. A truth lived out should win as much fame for a man as a truth spoken or written. A virtue clothed in the drapery of action is a contribution to literature as much as a virtue or sentiment clothed in the drapery of rhetoric or rhyme. Solid goodness is greatness. He that puts a splendid deed into the world is a greater benefactor even to the intellect, than he who creates a brilliant

We were not placed here to cultivate the reason & the imagᵒⁿ solely, but to become characters, to increase the spl forces in the universe, to digest & dilute & convert it into spl substance & active energy. Nothing wh. God has provided for our mental Education is intended to fulfill its work by quickening the intellect. The best possible results of Astronomy do not appear in the pages of LaPlace & Bowditch, but in the thrill of awe & the lasting humility wh the shoreless space & the stellar harmonies awakened in Newton's soul. Old Abraham staked at the door of his tent on the plain of Mamre, though he knew nothing of the moons of Saturn, or the distance of Sirius, or the Central Sun, yet read, as he turned his ~~with his star~~ gaze to the star-sprent vault, a deeper Astronomy than the disciple of Comte can torture from the Sky. The best results of poetry, is the rhythm to wh. it may set our life, & the grace with wh it may endrobe our

thus becoming transmuted into religion.

The ideal sighs to become the actual as a Grecian ghost sighed to recloth itself with flesh.

- of its study or its creation -

thought or phrase. — Human life! — the most musical poems have been written in that, with its types & imagery of affection, hope, foolish, & the varied Elements of discipline. The most thrilling & inspiring psalms have been printed in that. Romances more wonderful than any by Scott or Hugo; tragedies more terrible than the pen of Shakspeare left vivid on his page; sermons more solemn than any ever preached by Mas-sillon or Edwards; pictures more gorgeous than Titian colored, or Allston conceived; have been written, painted & acted in human life. — If this stand were a pulpit, & this hall a Christian Temple, it would be wrong to close without an allusion, in final illustration & Establishment of my subject to that one great life — wiser than the collected words of sages — wh. Enclosed his own heavenly Teachings, as the sky Embosoms its million

goodness;- of History & philosophy, the wisdom, the
Sagacity & the poised strength of judgment wh a com-
pedent Earnest Student of these Earns. The true conception
of Culture is not realized, the aspiration of nature
is not answered, until mathematics are absorbed
into the blood, & truth looks out from the Eyes, &
Cheerfulness becomes. Entangled in the countenance,
& mercy hides itself in a smile, & the law of
duty vindicates its majesty & its beauty by its el-
oquent expression through ~~some moral hero's~~ the
musical heroism of some human life.

points of light, & from wh. overarching as yet, stream our radiance & inspiration in this night of time. Enough if we see in the light of this Example, that the world is wrong in its apotheosis of partial qualities as greatness, in its Excessive Estimate of intellectual acuteness as the great symptom of ability. Such an Estimate reverses the order of nature & revelation, & overlooks the natural proportions of a great & healthy soul. For a great & healthy soul is no slight Pompey's pillar, but must always be a pyramid, with a broad, solid life as the basis of it being, & the condition of its Eminence, rising gradually in more slim proportion, till it terminates in a mental apex supported by the strength below, that plays with the light of heaven, & holds communion with the sky.

Finis.

And then not only may
Every California farmer
sit under his own vine
& fig tree, - but Every Cal-
ifornian may drink tea
plucked & cured under his
own sky; may grind Coffee berry from an
Arabia at his doors; may
receive it into his/or
landed from no ship
that has Ever ventured
beyond the Golden Gate;
may take rice into it
raised on our tules; may
see ~~his~~ the cotton ~~from~~ for
his household baled in his

our country - not by slave labor -
& sped for weaving in Cal-
ifornia mills; may buy
his linen stamped with
the mark ## also of domestic
produce & skill; may pur-
chase seeks ~~also~~ on which
no duty is paid to a
Custom house; & may
smoke in gratitude for
his luxuries, ~~his~~ tobacco
raised in the Virginia
within our own bounds.

Representatives.

If could see men pictorially
write their life around them. —
— their constituents —

One bees swarming — Audubon
with birds gluttering around him.
Euclid — diagrams. —
Swammerdam — infusoria. —
Agassiz fishes swarming around
him. — Herschel with a
star on his forehead —

---

papier-mache civilization

Books & Reading — we are ruminating
Creatures essentially. chew the cud, only
as chew over again, from stomach of
memory, get pages into chyle.

Rolling stone gathers no moss:
A whizzing soul gathers no wisdom.

---

a city & its sources of vitality

Broadening life &
Sympathies — Living &
Love & growth of goodness
& good causes — &c —

Willis — Cor in Cuba — Lectures —
Parties, Society —

"Each is bounded by his nature,
And remains the same in stature,
In the valley, on the mountain,
Scoop your ocean or your fountain,
With a poor hand or a niches
You can only fill your pitcher."

"Work"

Bible as a ~~maker~~ of life" —
How life packed into it. — Hardly an abbreviated chapter — life & all the faculties of man — sharp & hasty — sad mediocre — mingled life & flippancy & dearth of state — Epistles steeped in trouble, joy & faith — hand a text out & clench into workers of tremendous life &c —

I might turn the theme, also, into
symbols of private life. There are mountain
thoughts & principles in the individual na-
ture, - districts of high feelings & upward
looking hopes, in the region of wh., if it pleases,
the mind may make its home. Our busi-
ness habits, our common ways of thought,
the usual methods & objects of our under-
course may be called the dead level of
existence. But there is scarcely any nature
in wh. there are not some nobler affec-
tions, some dim loves of beauty, good & truth, that
would sustain the same relation to their
characters wh. the mountains do to the
landscape, - adorning, dignifying, & refreshing
it, if we would believe in them & live
closer to them, instead of piddling our

thoughts & habits on the lowlands of selfishness, littleness, fashion, & worldly ease. Men do not keep company with their best faculties & moods. Their acquaintance with them is like their acquaintance with the hills of New England, — a flying visit, in the Summer, during the lull of business, forgotten soon after their return.

As a moralist, or even as an artist it looks at our life, the sad feature it presents is that there is such waste of soft & worthy Experience in hearts where it is possible. How many people there are that practically burrow in the glens, or huddle together out upon the moors, — never calling into Exercise any of the higher than those concerned with powers of their nature, the profit of the day, the satisfaction of the dinner

& the cigar, & the most superficial en-
tertainment of the idle hours, & then won-
der that there is no more grandeur in
life, & that its prospect is so poor. — The
culture of those ideas & sentiments wh.
the world calls visionary is the only way
to gain any vision. To see beauty, to
catch a wide horizon, to receive inspi-
ration we must go up along the rays
of some intellectual greatness, some vast
truths, or ascend by heart moral en-
deavor. It is the law of heaven, that
no great beauty grandeur & charm, shall
be seen on the marshes & flats. Either
of nature, or the soul.

It surely is not a very hard condition, that to enjoy what is glorious, we must go where it is visible.

In society, too, there are truths,
& principles that are mountain tops

& benefits. Such are patriotism, be-
nevolence, faith, moral heroism, self-sac
rifice. Cold hearted & sceptical natures
are fond of distrusting all such qualities
as unsafe & unsubstantial. They lump
them among the abstractions & consider
them as the separate strands of fanat-
icism. These qualities are abstractions
as the mountains are wh. look aerial
& filmy, undistinguishable from piles of
thunder cloud in the distance, but are
substantial enough when we come close
to them, or see the glowing benefits that
were born on their cloudy peaks. We see
what institutions, what grand liberties,
what ballot boxes & free systems of Ed-
ucation, have been given to this country
by the lofty principles & characters of the

Revolution, that dot the horizon distance of our national life. See what Hospitals, Asylums Chariy Schools, flow down from the soft Charities of rich men, whose wealth disbursed along the sides of a eminent beneficence becomes a reviving river that at last reaches & bleses the farthest corner of the land; while the treasures of mis- erly avarice ~~are~~ lie, & stagnate, & grow slimy, in the coffers of the slave of Mam- mon, like the sluggish waters of the pond, cursed by the sun for their laziness. If a man would know what things & thoughts are really practical, let him com- pare what they do. Let him ask what faith, & beneficence, & moral courage, & religion have done in the world of fact, in contrast with the work of scepticism

& the dumper ~~Sturdiness of conviction~~ hatred of humbug compliance & the Epicurean wh believes in its dinner, its profits, its wine, & the divine institution of sleep. A nation without great truths & principles in its landscape - loft reverences, Sublime faiths, glorious & Eminent charities, would be a nation wh. history would spurn; it would be a Moral Sahara, a Sand desert, level hot selfish & barren.

Alas! with regard to fame, also, - the reward wh. the best men get for their noblest work, the Mountains furnish the best symbols. Their Eminence is cold. The high clear air wh. they pierce, & wh. bleses us, is cheerless & chill, to live in. There is little in high position to

Uh! what did the brow of our last departed Statesman, seem like as men looked up to it in the street, or amid the thronging greatness of the Capitol but so much as some battling cry bold, stern, & lost where Eagle thoughts had their home, & uh! ~~upon~~ seemed an invincible rampart of the great Charter & oh! his heart was pledged.

incite + charm ambition as to delights or even
it gives. Little pleasure up there in the
loft districts of place + power + fame.

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped with ice + snow.
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Tho' high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth + ocean spread,
Round him are rugged rocks, + lonely blow
Contending tempest on his naked head.
And thus reward the toils wh. to those summits led."

Such was the experience of David + Paul,
of Washington + Adams, of Clay + Webster, +
all to whom the world is indebted for
great service. After time gives them their
true place, revères them as the mountain
glories of history; but they live in the bleak
thin, cutting atmosphere of place + power.
And we are called on to be the more grate-
ful for the service on wh. we depend, +
wh. costs so much to the large souls
that offer it.

But our last thoughts must be cheerful. Everybody to whom God has given an Eye & a purse ought to know something of the Mountains. They are a privilege. Their breath is health; the sight of them is ~~Elevating~~ a luxury; their suggestions are Elevating & grand. Every year our rail roads invite us to see their Summits in our Sister granite State, & to climb their sides. Nature helps religion. The love of Nature Spiritualizes. A man cannot easily turn from admiration of a sunset to profane the name of his Maker, or trifle with truth. The recollection of a ride over the ridges & gorges that lead to the Summit of Mt. Washington is an Encouragement to a ~~loft~~ noble purpose & a mood of moral Enthusiasm.

A week's time & a few dollars' Expense will therefore take us into Communion with what will Ennoble all our other weeks — the Sights & Suggestions of God's great poems of Stone.

To attempt to Exhaust the lessons they teach, & the Suggestions their Silent majesty whispers to the Soul, is like thinking to drain the Infinite poem. For whatever is greatest & best they offer themselves as Symbols. They cannot typify anything degraded & mean. Soleum truths, soaring aspirations, Sky piercing principles, - these the ~~represent~~ are the dumb hieroglyphics. They have spoken to us, also, of great men. And their permanence amid the changes of nations & so-ciet seems to represent the permanence of what is great & good in the world's

adoration.
respect, & love. That wh. is heaved up out
of the world's heart & above the world's
level lives. Histor preserves the record
of all Eminent faithfulnes & truth. Mean-
neses die; the schemes of Ambition
die; the purposes of tyranny die; the
influences of unholy power, at last, die.
The tread of Hannibal's & Cæsar's legions
over the mountains of Switzerland has
left no trace upon them. The thunder
of Macdonald's Cannon does not Echo
along their walls; the shouts of Su-
warrow's Comrades are not heard there
or accounted much
~~as~~ in histon. The great Napoleon's ef-
fect upon Civilyation is les marked
than the beneficent ~~imfe~~ stamp of his
intellect upon the rocks that now
offer smoother papage between France

& Italy. It is because no great purpose
for good rules the Genius that astonishes
his age. So must all selfishness sink & fade.

"But there are deeds wh should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the Earth
Forgets her Empires with a just decay,
The Enslavers & the Enslaved their death & birth;
The high, the mountain majesty of worth
Should be & shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like the high Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure, beyond all things below."

The mental & physical worlds correspond to each other. We may see that the mountains in this aspect ~~are~~ accurately symbolize many conservative features of society. The forms of the Church & State, the prominent laws, the customs & powers of the time that shoot up in ridges on the surface of our moral life, are considered, we know, by all ultra Conservative people as fixed & final. Such people do not believe in any capacity of human nature to create new forms of them or to alter the old ones in any important degree. And yet what are these institutions compared with the slumbering fires of the human conscience & heart that first lifts them? Even ~~slow~~ cool cautious Conservative England had one Eruptive Season - the great Rebellion - which showed where thrones & Estab

lished Churches go to when they prep too heavy
on the Central heads, & what democratic
Elevations may spring suddenly from the bursting yawning plains.
It was in great reformatory Epochs, such as
the time of Moses & the prophets, & Paul, &
the Reformation, & the American Revolution,
that the institutions wh. we imagine are
Everlasting were cast up hot & liquid. In
any such Creative Seasons, when the re-
ligious sense & noble passions of society are
stirred again, higher forms may be thrown
up to excite the admiration of after times,
& infamous Statutes & compromises, wh. we
imagine as stable as the hills, will melt
back in the heats of the world's righteous
wrath. Everything wh. the Conservative Swears
by & trusts in as a bulwark against innova-
tion & a turbulent reform spirit, is a

Lyn. a trophy of that very turbulence teaches a lesson of reform, - that is, to the to respect ideas & principles wch. sustain the same relation to institutions ~~the wch. sustain~~ that the ~~same relation~~ to that the ancient fires did to the ranges & peaks ~~of~~ mounts. not battered down & pres. reps. lifted up. ~~must be fire~~ greater than former one — Emerson Monadnoc —

Does any timid man say that nothing new can ever Exceed or Equal the old? Let him hear what Geolgy says. The highest land upon the Earth was thrown up last; the smaller hills of Europe being older than the Alps & the Himalayas. So that our globe has felt Strange quakings & writhings since the general outline of dry land was drawn. pp 1. 2. 3 — We may believe the highest land was thrown up last to pare the planet to be the abode of man.

Mind, it is only the greater might of the severe radical energies of human nature that this Symbol teaches, - Endorsing hope of greater Epochs to come, & leading us to respect ideas & humanity, - not a flippant & puny reform spirit working from outside. Before the imperfect features of Society can be replaced by better ones, there must be something more than hammering away at them with resounding rhetoric, there must be a nether heat in the popular mind stronger than that wh. first lifted the institutions, replacing them by an upheaval from a lower depth of human feeling. - That was the way the reform Churches arose out of the wastes of the Catholic mind

ages; that was the way our civil America sprung up + displaced the English polity on these shores. — The mountains are preachers of the possibility of improvement + reform, + they teach us that the way to get it, is by storing the deepest moral sense + reverence of the popular heart + trust it to upheave a better order, — not to work from the outside, + not to think that any little volcanic sputter of one party, or one election is to do the work for wh. the wise + hopeful philanthropist toil + pray.

And all this force wh. the mountains express to the scientific eye, they suggest to the poet's vision. How different the qualities of human nature they sym-

bolize to the artist's mind, from those ech.
the Sea sets forth! It is the patient &
resistant powers of the soul they stand for;
the ocean for its restless, unsatisfied, un-
fathomable yearnings. The hills are dumb; the voice of the sea is never still.
The powers of the
air bring all their batteries to bear
against
~~upon~~ the hills, — the winds ~~do~~ dash upon
them, the hail pelts them, the clouds
chill them, the frosts gnaw them, the
snows smother them; but after storm &
frost, & whirlwind have exhausted their
fury, how quietly the hardy peaks
look out from above the baffled clouds,
as though it is their mission to tell
humanity how "to suffer & be strong."!
The sea does not nurse by its influence
such serene fortitude. It is discontented.

It sighs, it mutters, it threatens, it raves, it roars. It does its work by ceaseless fluctuation. The mountains speak to us from the repose of self centred character; the ocean from the heavings of hungry unappeasable passion. Both are inestimable benefactors, not only to the physical, but to the moral world. They instruct & inspire by the opposite methods of a common service. They temper climates, & variegate vegetation, & diversify wealth, & enrich civilization. Yet I think that, if we could attribute conscious life to both, we ought to love the mountains more. For the ocean, with all its bounty, has no aspect of charity or self-denial to our race. But the great hills brave the wrath of the Elements & submit without a groan to the drenchings & scourings of tempest to be our helpers, to be the almoners & Executors of the sea's overflowing plenty.

after page 15 — 2

Moreover, the occasional violent spasms of force that have thrown up the mountains, of course, are of less consequence, in physical geography, than the steady, still, & slow ~~upheaval~~ upressings that have borne the great masses of the continents above the sea & into the light. — Is not this a geological statement of the moral truth wh. fulfils & caps it, that the hopeful reform processes are those — not that shoot up a new party, or a new law — but wh. lie under, or interfuse, the whole thought of a people or an age, — the general & steady pressures on its sentiments, its

ideas of right, its feelings of honor, – the whole surface of its instincts, – those forces that make no noise & spout no flames?

No doubt, sometimes, about the progress of the race, because there is no art more eminent, no single geniuses more towering & proud; than the Platos & the Cesars of Antiquity, – the builders of Parthenons & the sculptors of Apollos. But if we turn from the cliffs of intellect to the mighty continents of humanity, we shall see the same difference morally between ancient & modern times, that the Geography of Europe, or America, would show, if we compare the tertiary Epoch with our present state. There may be no higher mount-

ains, or they may be, - that is nothing to the purpose. The whole land has risen, & risen itself, & taken steady forms, & bettered itself in a better air & light. The whole popular life is nobler; it has gained immensely on the sea. And it is rising yet, just as the geologists prove to us that the great northern Continents are still pressing up, still lifting their bosoms above the deep.

We look too much, perhaps, for convulsions to attest growth & the working of a regenerative spirit in society. We would like to have some one magnificent Earthquake of popular indignation swallow a vast unthinking iniquity with one far rumbling roar, & despair, if, for the moment,

– instead of encountering this melodramatic
justice – it seems to gain, courage. We cannot
see what strong silent forces, like those that
are now lifting Norway & the whole bulk of
Maine are at work under the surface of
popular life, to attest their triumph, a
half century, or a century, hence, – The
hope for our Age is the secret presence
– its law of consecration, its sentiment of charity –
of Christ ^ upon the whole continental
sentiment of the world. That has slowly
lifted our modern civilization, with a noiseless
power ~~into~~ immeasurably broader than the
jets of force that pushed the Rock Mount-
The true church is that wh. feeds & swells these agencies.
ains into the Sky. ^ Let us keep our Eye on
the under current of power, & on the ages yet
before us, & hope will be our wisdom, not despair.

Mr. Emerson, in a very mystical poem upon Monadnoc, one of our Massachusetts hills, makes the old mountain say that if any man shall, some day, come who knows the whole secret of the Creation of ~~the~~ its nose, it will disappear. The passage was recalled to me, not long ago, in reading what a Geologist had published concerning Mt. Ararat, not finding that the Mountains in Asia wh. bear that name, fulfils all the conditions of the Scriptural Ararat, where the Ark rested, he concluded that a lower ridge of another name, wh. better answered his purpose, must be the real Ararat, + so coolly assumed it to be so. — This is, probably, the easiest

triumph ever known, or ever to be known, of the faith that moves mountains.

And now going back to the point from wh. we have digressed, the truth of mountains, as suggested in their upheaval, let me call attention to the evidence that furnish of a unity of plan Embracing the material & moral worlds.

of such a histon as our race has expe-

d. For the high[est] mountains have played
a great part in civilization & have acted
very powerfully on the fortunes of the human race. The
greatest elevations of land are within the
tropics, & the mountain ranges slope
towards the poles. We cannot consider this
accidental. In this way the burning heat
of the Equator are tempered, & a variety of
climate is provided for the torrid distinct.
If this order were reversed, if the elevation
of lands went on increasing towards the
north, the most civilized half of the globe
at the present day would be a frozen &
uninhabited desert. See page 6 +.

The Himalays &c

Before leaving the subject of
the upheaval of the hills, let me refer to
what a recent geologist has done with re-

And in the disasters, the
the peril,
suffering, the sickness of a Community, of a
nation, the same principle reveals & vindicates itself. — I cannot but believe that
God is carrying on a greater purpose in
our national reverses & dangers than un-
interrupted success would have secured to
us. — How dreadful are these hours! What
blows ~~to the~~ are falling upon our pride! What
awful hail is beating, hard, icy, pitiless,
upon our affections, in the tidings of the
slaughter & the anguish of our Soldier-he-
roes! What thunderbolts are smiting our
false Consciousness of Strength into Shame!
— And the facts are made more bitter here
by reason of the folly, or worse than that,
of the reports given out at first to the pub-
lic. Some men in our Community are ashamed

ible, to a fearful extend, for the cruel & terrible deception & mockery of our ~~Communications~~ cit, last nights. And they ought not to be suffered to slip from that responsibility easily. The guilty men, - guilty by the negligence in their reading of their despatches, & the insane hurry in wh. precisely opposite tidings were poured upon the hot heads ~~of the Communists~~ in our streets from those wh. the despatches brought - should be held to account by public sentiment so stern, that we shall not again, by the same folly, be betrayed here into kindling bonfires & ~~for~~ loading cannon to celebrate our own dreadful reverses & blunders, & the magnificent audacity & Genius of our foes.

A few weeks ago, we felt strong as a nation in physical resources, omnipotent as against the Enemy, with but

talions & Cannon in the field. Now we are deadly
preped by disaster. The tide is rolling towards our
own borders in the loyal States. And our late
superb armies in Virginia are all [illegible] rolled
back to the defence of the Capital. — We are
weak to-day as to the military position of to day, & the
immediate prospect. — May it not be that
we shall be made stronger thus? — I have
always believed that we were to conquer — not
because we have raised five or six hundred thous.
and men, but because we were right, — because
Providence had prepared our ~~Empire~~ ~~Nation~~ domain
to be
the home of one people with one purpose &
sentiment, — because we were contending for
the cause of representative liberty against
self-will & anarchy, — because we were standing
up for American against European sentiment
& policy — because the cause of freedom was at stake

in the awful shock.

God, through reverses, is teaching us to see what the cause is, how tremendous the stake, how glorious the prize. — We have been Knit by bullets; redeemed by the instruction / A discipline of suffering. once — the loyal millions — by Military Enthusiasm into unity. We must Knit again into one purpose with more of moral & religious vigor & humility in it. Parties must be abolished. America & republican liberty must be the watchword. We must look to principles more than to generals. There must be "an uprising of a great people" now, that shall pour as a deluge Southward, & show our military leaders & our Cabinet that the cause is not to be lost. When Generalship utterly fails, if it does, a new Peter the Hermit will come, & it shall be a battle of ideas, & please God, the hope of the proud Enemy shall be submerged in a living sea of patriotic & religious fervor. — Gird up your hearts & minds brethren, for the great duties of Reverse. Pledge your loyalty — new pour religious deeps. Open your purses again & again for the wounded & half-betrayed soldiers of our cause. Let a tide of gold wind those hospitals. Do not look down, but look up! And though the crest of the rebellion break upon Cincinnati & its apex are soon heard at the gates of Washington — help the nation to take the posture of a more thorough consecration, that it may rise to show the world anew the truth — When I am weak, then I am strong!

Ms. M .4 .1 .415

Fragments of
Thomas Starr King's lecture
on "Substance and Show."
Rejected as difficult of
weaving into main text
of lecture.

Signed
"E. P. Whipple"

J. Catt.

July 1877.

Fragments of Mr.
King's Lecture on
"Substance and Form"
Rejected as difficult
of weaving into the
main text of the lecture,
- Which is in a state of
anarchy E P Whipple
July, 1877

All power that ~~moves~~ stirs the world must be traced down below all the visible Engines & show of power to a thought, a sentiment, a prepare of opinion or moral Conviction. Society is moved as the mighty bulk of the steam Ship is driven, not casually by the ~~beams~~ cranks, ~~rods~~ of the Engine or the whirling wheels, but by the Elastic fluid pent in the Cylinders, nay - as it will be soon now that the new planet ~~Leverrier~~ culminates in the Scientific sky, wh. we must call Ericsson, by the invisible air, compressed so as to reveal a force hidden in it more potent than the iron or the granite of nature hold.

I read, a day or two since, a story of one of the Earliest Christian bishops in the 7th Century, under a monarch who had forbidden the further preaching or toleration of our faith. Several prelates fled for their lives, but one of them made his bed in the Church at night after receiving the Sacrament, & the next morning made his servants carry him to the King. He uncovered his back before the pagan Saxon, & showed it raw & bloody from a merciless scourging. The King asked who had done it, & he opened him that the apparition of St. Peter had visited him in the night & beaten him thus because he had entertained the thought of flight. The Saxon monarch was terrified, & convinced thereby that the Christian religion was true, revoked his decree. — This is only a slight sample of the power which the Ghost of St. Peter has now in the world.

It is a doctrine of Swedenborg that influxes
part
from heaven come through the Spirits that pass
the belongs to a character & influence of
from the world by death. So that ~~their character~~ af-
powerfully
fects us when we see them no more. Certain
Even nation is something more than a Crowd
of walking both persons. It has a large outskirt
or fringe of Spirits: its former generations, stretching
into Eternity, & their greatness or baseness make
up part of its present character. Its inspiration
or its depravation flows into the visible actual
impart
members from them. They are part offspring
& part parents of its present soul, purifying
or corrupting its atmosphere of Sentiment, stimu-
lating or deadening its nobler passions, according
to their former greatness & purity, or meanness &
vice.

[illegible]. Whatever, then, creates, uph
ifies anything wh. our senses behold, [illegible]
we cannot handle, see, taste, or smell it,
more substantial than the object itself. In
way, the soul, wh. vivifies, moves, & sup
the body is a more potent substan[illegible]
laid bones & heavy flesh that wh. it
A ten pound weight falling on yo[illegible]
affect you unpleasantly as substance. -
more so than a leaf of the New Testament
if dropped in the same direction; or than
a way in wh. a page of the N. T. re[illegible]
upon a nation & split it, or infuse
into its bulk, & give it strength & perma
We should be careful, therefore, what
what things are, & what
we adopt for deciding their relative stabilit

the fact that ideal forces are act-

ing. But there have been several

le thinkers whose scepticism has

an opposite direction. "We cannot

they say, "whether anything wh. our

ect to us really exists; - it may be

sensation to wh. we attribute

form & quality." We need not won-

that it has proved difficult to convince

unmetaphysical common sense of people

a stone post is a stubborn thought

the bite of a dog nothing but an

acquaintance with a pugnacious, four-footed

ception. When a man falls down stairs,

not easy to convince him that his

simply tumbles along an inclined se-

seem like the Average tenements of this city, better ~~Erected~~ of
Human Spi[rit] ~~Material~~ Substance & fitted for the quiet duties &
pleasures of domestic life. Some would fall below the
just & moderate usefulness, & look like depraved man
houses, & villainous dens of Crime. Many ~~would~~ would
present busy, teeming intellect, at work like our
Machine shops for the physical advance & welfare
of their fellows; Some would rise up in the form
of our hospital Asylums & Charity Schools, with natures
of benevolence & sweet Charitable thoughts that Enfold the
sick, the Orphan, the destitute in their Embrace,
here & there a polished shrine of all graceful
Culture & Scholarship would stand out, a Spir-
itual Athenæum, lined with the wealth
a Merchant Prince would add vanet
with his soul like the Exchan
of all Commercial & monetary know
ge domed Capital with its Sta
eminent Majest would be co
ast brow & legal State house o
visible over the landscape &
is seen from village tion, & sea
the religious soul
Made

[illegible] of visionary men & visionary things as
[illegible]ished from lasting solid ~~Entities~~ practical men &
But our Estimate is usually the reverse of what
it requires. The visionary man - as the world judges
[illegible]ually the realist. The worldly man is in fact
[illegible]ause the visionary. Those are the real things
[illegible] can handle, pile up, lay away, - but wh.
[illegible] into our own substance, & popeped forever
[illegible]rselves. A man cant turn a dollar into
[illegible]ose; his fingers can clutch it, but his mind,
so cant ~~have any~~ contact with it. A truth
[illegible]ep by our inmost nature; a virtue, gained
[illegible]ove the world, becomes an everlasting quality.
the philanthropy, the heroism acquired by
[illegible]rselves to the search for good, & by devotion
[illegible]sh & invisible ends ~~do~~ enlarge & dignify our
[illegible]ke us weigh more on the balance with wh.
Souls. They are the visionaries who live
which ~~that~~ their best selves cant appropriate or
while the realists are the men who
live in an atmosphere that furnish
part of them wh. is not in contact with
of sense & time, & that remains with them forever.

have a market control over some
are destitute of the forces & resources that
to a mind, heart, & soul. Your Herschel &
are men of intellectual substance; Fowel
ley of spl substance; Wilberforce of moral
Luther of heroic substance, Howard
substance: & as we are less in the
we are shadows, & all the bricks & mor
deeds, & certificates & doubloons in Lond
redeem us poor ~~the~~ being thinner than
a body load of mist & fog

abnormal Spiritual
Outward & inward

Hours of life — When a great principle fired — then great hours,

When mind gains hold of order of strata it lives out a geological period — absorbed it into its life. —

Newton — gravitation
Columbus — discovery
Copernicus & —

How live out a great sidereal hour. —

Sermon on Economy.

Why spend money for that wh. is not bread — & labor for that wh. satisfieth not. — Existence & Life

How the substance
of life is for Everybody —
Shakspere Milton the Bible
Nature, greatest Eloquence
are free — "Common" — altho
+ Rum — up than Cigars —
drinks — Coat tails —
what
Old Socrates when invited
to go from Athens when his
life was noted — Sent word
to the rules — of Learn Athens
when meal is my 3cs pick
+ water for nothing. —

ask himself how much he
has spent for what represents
in his nature — Education — taste —
learn — Science &c — how much for
appetites wine &c — — — living from hand
to mouth. —

far, but rather that we are a structure lifting a beacon truth above the ~~waves~~ surges of despotism & social falsehood, & the great disaster ~~in the shattering of our~~ that would ensue from the decay of the cement mortar of our patriotism that holds the structure together, & the shattering of its Union, would consist not so much in the downfall of the pile itself, sad as that would be, considering the workmen that built it, & the glorious symmetry of ~~its~~ proportions, - but the disaster would be that the support of the ~~great~~ revolving light - the hope of nations - would be broken down, & that great principle of the Equality of men, & the ~~power of~~ right of Self-government would fall & be quenched in the hostile sea. - And so let us keep that light bright aloft & well fed; let us not dim it, for, if under our own guard it gets encrusted & gleams faintly ~~with~~ amid foul smoke, or should go out, it would not be so much matter ~~where~~ whether or not the old light-house stood against the storm.

I have said that Civilization is the most substantial, efficient, & venerable material upon this globe now. Think for an instant of the order in a great city & how it is preserved. What passions are boiling in London, Newyork & around us in our streets! And how is it we are kept from devastations of license, mobs, conspiracies, &c.

Fragment, not printed of
Substance and Flow

22½

home, & the awe that attends the hearing a Sentence of death from a judge. In the first case the country would lose some visible fact that represent its strength, in the latter case, ~~the~~ it could part with forces that are ^ its. strength by circulation & must be replenished

By these fine filaments, ^ Society is hung over the abyss, & the globe is swung safely above the black depths of space by the threads of gravitation, ^ more subtle than sun beams. that are

All our ~~blood~~ sleeping of order & place & prospect are the shows public

of wh these wordless sentiments are the supporting substance; if they die, the shows will fade.

Reforms must be slow in ripening -

22½ Just after the "baby house of Show"

Science ~~shows~~ acquaints us with the fact that invisible things are more creative & substantial than the visible; history shows us that institutions are the vesture of ideas, & it helps us also to see that Truth is the food of all that is substantial & permanent. A man that gives the world new truth, as Luther & Bacon, has more influence than a colossal Genius like Napoleon, who astonishes humanity. He first give society sentiments that it may feed on, & digest into forms, after the have died, while Napoleon refusing to make his soul the baton of ideas, shed nothing but fire into his armies, & fear into his foes, wh. of course vanished with the generation ~~he dazzled~~ he lived in as the smoke of his Cannon melted into the sky. The downfall ^

Babylon died of delirium tremens; Nineveh
of Apoplexy; Persia of a weak spine; Macedonia
of fever; Athens of quick hectic consumption;
Egypt of gluttony & gout; Rome of a slow-dops
& successive shocks of paralysis; - & in modern
times it is easy to see the diseases of nations:
Ireland is hungry & dirt; England is plethoric;
& troubled with headache;
Germany is bilious & Spain has the scurvy;
the Austrian Empire has frequent colics & cramps,
& needs the Czar as a watchful nurse; France
~~has~~ is afflicted with a political St. Vitus Dance,
show a black-headed cancer, &
& the young Stalwart limbs of America, may yet
be smitten with leprosy, caught from an atmosphere
infected by myriads of Slaves. Spl laws make sport
of nations, as physical laws do with the stoutest frames.

New Par, beginning, Truth so.

of nations illustrates the fact that truth is the only healthful nutriment. If we could see the meaning of history, we should heartily believe that a State could no more grow powerful & healthy on falsehood, wrong, oppression, than vegetation thrive in a tomb. — It is very seldom that a Kingdom is overthrown by force, bound & guarded alive as Poland was. They die of disease, induced by bad food, as a general thing & violence anticipate the horrors of natural dissolution. — If there could be honest coroner's verdicts published upon the tombstones of kingdoms, we should read: "over one perished by slow starvation, on another died of gluttony & gout", over a third killed by stimulants", on a fourth wasted by scurvy, again on one, dead of dropsy, & still further "written by leprosy from breathing an atmosphere infected by myriads of slaves." Truth & the only food that will sustain the highest monarchy as the Ozone of the air is as essential to the Elephant as to the mouse; & when a kingdom is not always in connection with truth & right through the moral sense, faith, & purity of its people, its supply of substance is cut off, & it will die as an oak dies when its leaves are bruised & its tap-root severed. & as the imperial Roman Oak died, & religion perished, its manhood grew effeminate, so that it had no living connection with the treasury of spi

end of page 24

^ You see a battering ram at work knocking down a solid city wall, & you acknowledge the presence of substantial force. Put a great constructive idea into the world, & write no pulleys & muscles to help it, it will batter down more institutions than a park of artillery & build something better in their place.

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end of ~~page 24~~

^ Battles of wh. we read so much are of little consequence unless an idea dignifies them. ~~Of the~~ When one saves the civilization of a people as the victory of Salamis or Platæa saved that of Greece, history records them in golden types, & when they are the prologue of moral ~~open~~ a great drama as that of Bunker Hill their is ~~in~~ life in their muskets. But Austerlitz & Wagram, though [illegible] have at best amount to bp as forces.

forces in the soil & the air, & then the sap in its huge all their better sails in "Sight and Insight"
bulk began to dry; the fibrous muscles wh. centuries has
toughened, shrunk, the leaves shrivelled from pithless
stems; the bark softened; caterpillars & worms & bugs
made their homes in it; & finally, a howling storm
of barbarism set in from the North East, amid wh. in
forest
its vigorous days, the monarch would have stood
erect with hardly the loss of a filial leaf, but wh.
now whirled branches & boughs before its gust, & left the cripp-
led trunk, a show of its former greatness, to crumble
& rot into the soil of time.

Truth is the substance on wh. nations
feed, & so the salient epochs of history are not usually
its periods of noise & show, but when fresh ideas are re-
vealed, or materials provided for their wider dissemina-
tion;- when the idea of the printing press dawns upon
a mechanic's mind, when a capacious conception of
human rights appears, when a Genoese Sailor favors
the roundness of the globe, when a Long Parliament
votes a principle, when a piece of parchment, Present
a Declaration of Independence, new substance is pro-
vided for the growth of humanity, & the fortunes of
the race are gently turned into a different channel by the
mild pressure of necessity. ^ The most notable period

of the ages thus far, the axis, or huge Epoch of histor, was that when by the Sea of Galilee, ~~xx~~ & by well sides in Samaria, in midnight conversations under humble roofs in Jerusalem, & around the poor hearth stones in Bethany, words were spoken in a forgotten language to awed listeners & wondering ears, & entrusted to the air. He who spoke them knew that they would not die. "They are spirit, & they are life," he said, & the whole doctrine wh. I am urging here was condensed in his declaration - "Heaven & earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away". Nations have passed away since then; the Caesar whose servant ~~died~~ ordained the crucifixion, & all the Caesars who persecuted the ^ earth believers in those words, are now portions of the dust; but the best principles & most beneficent institutions of the globe are Effluences of the New Testament, & those words are still the pillars of our welfare, ^ the food of civilization & the hope of the human race.

Finally, Character is force & substance. Here is a process of Embalming by wh. the human body is preserved against ~~the~~ dipolution. And there is a moral Embalming by wh. the memory of men ~~are~~ is continued to after generations. Plato has been very busy on this planet for six centuries.

an Isaiah in religious feeling, a Raffaele in the Elixir of beauty, a Shakspere in the fire of imagination, a Mozart in the stream of music

Myriads have fallen like snow flakes into it waves, but here & there, one or two in a century, a nature is dipped in the ideal ~~the~~ forces, & transmuted into one entire & perfect crystal. Embalmed against forgetfulness.

But for influence, ~~character~~ & life-giving power character is the most substantial thing the world holds. We cannot tell what impress an original soul like Dante's goes to future ages, - what effect his serene hope & trust in danger, his piety amid prosperity & splendor, & the agonies of his imperial penitence & ~~the~~ writhings of his terrible remorse for sin, poured, as they have been, into the literature of the universe, have produced upon the spiritual destiny of souls. ~~By~~ The keen ~~xxxxx~~ analysis & vivid words of the gifted critic & orator who ~~last~~ last ~~recently~~ lectured in this hall ~~on Martin Luther~~, a stroke on the ~~roll~~ string of your records, - Equal to any theme he may choose to take, - he could not have a more splendid task than to portray what the rough substance of Martin Luther's soul has done for the last three centuries. The most important of our blessings have been wound around his genius as a woman winds silk upon a spool. - See what the character of the Puritans is doing for us at this hour. It gives a firmer basis to N. England than it, rocky Strata. It is the stamina of our virtue; it has built & reared our colleges & schools: it is the vigor of our intel-

(omit)

And now alas! another spirit has gone
au into the Silent world, to join with Wash-
beau ington in giving that glory to a land, wh.
zant great historical Characters impart. It is
not too much to say that the presence
& guidance of Mr Webster's intellect
has given a dignity & greatness to our
Country in foreign Eyes wh. its power
& rapid growth in prosperity & arts (& Manufactures)
alone awaken. The Statesmen & Cabi-
nets of the old world have long respected
America more as the Country of
Washington & Webster, more than for
any other Cause; & the confidence
which the breadth of his intellect &
the justice of his vision have inspired
in our Mother Country have, no doubt,
saved our own nation the misery &
Civilization the detriment of a Blood
war. — His Sublime words — "I still
live" wh. robbed death of his triumph
(spirit) the immortality wh. his spirit

lyence; the sinew of our prit; the constancy of our enter-
prize; & it has made our sterile territory the moral
garden of the world. — And advert, for a moment, to
what the character of Washington has done, & will
yet do, for America & freedom. Better for our country
in the crisis of its history, in the dark seasons when
it seemed as though fortune had uttered its decree of
ruin, to have lost with its collected treasures,
to have seen them sink forever, than to have parted
with the heart of Washington. His soldiers derived
Courage, faith, & food from his serene & hopeful majesty.
& the nourishment of future ages was in the resources
of his breast. His character is part of this western
world forever, as much part of it as its forests & its rocks.

And what is it that has just visited our
shores & is now the centre of wild Enthusiasm in
our sister City? If we may trust the indications as
yet given to us, it is the European man whose heart
is a Continent of honor, genius, courage & patriotism;
the home of the noblest energies & purest virtues that
can dignify our nature. — Well may he pause in his speedy
to see the spirits of his compatriot heroes pass across his
brain, & hear again the millions of his native
land shout liberty or death; — for his soul animated

will have in his Country's annals,
& who will keep his genius in Continual fellowship, in the reverent
of the world, with the first orators
patriots, & Statesmen, that have
illustrated the greatness of our
human & ~~supported~~ have been
the bulwarks of civilization

those heroes, & his Electric eloquence filled that shoul with power. He is, at this moment, the Centre of his County's hope; those who gaze into his blue eyes are permitted to look into the depths of a nation's Intellect; Every trope of his Speeches that wakes the applause of his Senate is a star in his darkened County's Sky, & the Ebb & swell of his Enthusiasm is the full or heave of a nation's heart. It is the Washington of Hungary that now Stands upon our shores, to see what the Washington of the New World has done for us; & leaving to politicians the duty of deliberations as to how far State papers may be cordial to him, or formal Embassies demonstrate with the Czar, let the heart of the people welcome him without the reserve of diplomacy, & send acrop the Seas a Surge of Enthusiasm that shall quicken the Stirring pulse of England, & shame France now in its disgrace, & hasten the time when our without suspicion of impropriety. County shall respond to a treaty of Alliance with Louis Kossuth first President of the Republic of the East.

There is an ascending Series of creative substantial forces, begining with Mechanical Energies, & running the

When a person has only money to support his
higher nature
claim to substance, his soul is made up of mort-
gages & rent-rolls & ~~passed~~ note & titles, a man of bank
& a commercial revolution would tear him up.
paper not of realities; when station is the basis
of that claim, his soul is a bladder blown up
by popular breath, & a pin hole of accident will
~~has has~~ make him collapse. But of all those
dupes wh. the world puts forward as its darlings,
the dandy is the most removed from the do-
main of real qualities, since he is a mere
"whiskered essence, an organized perfume."

installing agencies
Chemical affinities, vital powers, perception will, does
do Personality. Character is the culminating substance
of nature. A man may be what he pleases. To be
famous depends on circumstances; to be a President
depends on Politicians & a set of wires; to be rich
depends on birth or luck, to be intellectually Eminent
depends on the appointment of Providence; but to be a man, depends
on one's own noble Ambition, & determination to
live in contact with God's open atmosphere of truth
& light. We often talk about ghosts, & wonder whether
any ghost has ever returned from the region of
the dead. I leave that question of revisit to Dr Johnson
& ~~the~~ Mr. Sunderland & the Rochester rappers. But
that there never slipped into the shadowy
the world is filled now with apparitions, skele-
ton men, human haze & ghastliness, shows of
people without the Substance of energy, virtue
~~more~~ truth to fill ~~within~~ out the promise of the clothes.
To the infinite Eye moral truth is Substance
for that only will endure. — A fat man amounts
to something on the Scales; a rich man amounts
to something on the Exchange; a learned man
amounts to something in the Estimates of the
College; an Eloquent man amounts to some-
thing in the Public meeting, but a noble, in

I often admire the answer wh. the western hoosier made to ~~the question of~~ a Yankee who ~~asked~~ inquired how much he weighed. "A hundred eight" was his answer, "but when I'm mad, I weigh a ton." Everyman ought to have spiritual force in him that will treble his weight when he is excited, & make the laws of gravitation dance world at his bidding. And men do weigh in the moral ^ according to their Energy, faith, virtue, gymnastic development of soul.

35

~~He~~ The first thing we ask about a human being when born into the world is, "how much does it weigh?" And in a spiritual sense that is the great question of the full grown man - how much does he weigh? A Wellington weighed ten pounds perhaps at birth; he weighs down Great Britain & balances Europe before he dies. A Jefferson is lopped in a nurse's arms when an infant, he lifts America when his soul has reached its stature. A Newton ~~pulls down~~ lays light on the steelyard in his first visit to the planet, but he lays all the planets on his steelyards & the muscles of his logic before he dies. These facts give some notion of what human substance is.


Gustaf Adolf
D. G. Rex Sveor.

Union Sod Hill 2 – Cleveland

Prof Whitneys Measurements

Lake Byler –	6167
Yanks –	6312
Western Summit	7312
Eastern " –	7312
Shawberry Valley	5,676
Carson City –	4615
Virginia City	6,205.

Journey to Yosemite —
June 1863

I commence this journal seated by a noble Cedar on the shore of Lake Byles near Sunset Friday June 5th.

Tuesday June 2:

Left San Francisco with my wife by Steamer Yo Semite, for ~~San Francisco~~ Sacramento at 4 P.M. The boat is new & very Comfortable.

Reaches Sacramento Early Wednesday morning after an admirable Breakfast at Barnum's French restaurant, took Cars for Folsom at 6½ A.M. & A.M was seated in Stage for Placerville. Stages all crowds. Was wedged in between my wife & a very fat half-breed & Enjoyed the jolting of 6 hours as well as Could be Expected in the circumstances.

Julia on reaching Placerville took to bed with severe sick headache. Found a Committee lying in wait to get a lecture out of me in the Evening on Patriotism. Consented

at last, I spoke to an audience very enthusiastic that filled the Methodist Church, which is the largest, except the Congregational in Sacramento, in the interior of California. The theme was the true Call of Patriotism. The audience gave me three cheers at the close.

Engaged an Extra to take Julia myself to Lake Tyler, not liking the Stage-Experience, I finding to stay the stages go over the worst portions of the roads after dark. ~~The~~ Pay $60 for the team, to go 70 miles, & sent my trunk on by Express Freight team at 10 Cents per pound - $11.40. Julia was still sick with headache after lecture, But on

Thursday

morning at 1/2 past five we started in a very comfortable buggy with excellent horses & found ourselves at once after leaving the gardens of Placerville, the little homes smothered in roses, on the upgrade of the Sierra Nevada. Took breakfast, a very good one, 12 miles from

Saw here a Splendid Colored Copy of Sebastopol Boulevard at Paris! —

Placerville at Portmans Hall. Kept the old road to avoid teams, & enjoyed the noble rest with grand views along of the South fork of the American river, wh. is clean & foamy. — Dined at "Websters" thirty five miles from Placerville, a Capital Country house. Good Union people. They have pictures of Farragut's attack on New Orleans forts, Sinking of Cumberland, Admiral of ste. Seen Shields getting wounds in driving back Stonewall Jackson from Winchester &c. How many of our Generals have got wounded in attempting to drive back "Stonewall"! —

Left Webster's for "Strawberry Valley" about 2½. Struck into the regular road wh. the teams travel. Road rises steadily, but is very good. River a foaming torrent all the way. Some of the cliffs & ridges very noble & the Evergreens splendid. Distance from Websters to Strawberry about 12 miles. On the way we met or passed Eight Seven teams connected with Washoe travel & supply. Most of them were drawn Either by oxen or mules

Eight & ten to a wagon. The dust at times is suffocating & a jam is equal to a jam of ice on the Penobscot in April.

We reached Strawberry Valley about five P.M. & found an admirable public house kept by Benj & Crossley. Mrs. Crossley is a Universalist & has had a great desire to see me. She expected to see a fine looking man & was disappointed.

Strawberry valley lies at an elevation of 5676 ft above the Sea, — higher than the top of Mt. Madison in the White Mtn range. We had passed tremendous land-slides on the way Started by the floods of 1862, wh. were more devastating than that in the Willey Notch. Great boulders as large as a two Story house had plunged down the mountain walls, & Carriage trees eight & ten feet thick in their thundering path. — At Strawberry the mountain walls have the look of Mt. Webster of the Willey Notch, the rock on

one of them being equally precipitous bare & noble. There is frost in Strawberry almost every night of the Summer.

The Hotel is a very profitable institution. During the last month the nett profits have been three thousand dollars. Travel is double now what it was a year ago. The house deserves its prosperity. The table is excellent; the beds are Spring Mattresses. Every thing is clean & attractive; the landlords are Union. — During the last six weeks six thousand five hundred people have gone through the Strawberry pass towards Washoe, & since January Eleven thousand.

The toll-roads are better fortunes than the best Silver Mines. On the turnpike up the last grade to the Summit (from Webster's 21 miles) the profits are $30,000 a month! The turnpikes pay for themselves every year. They are built by enterprising individuals often without capital to start with.

The Stage line from Placerville to Virginia is equally prosperous.

It nets the shepherd the summer a thousand dollars a day. Four Stages go loaded with passengers daily to Virginia - from Folsom ~~to Virginia~~ 135 miles. Time 9 hours. Fare $12.8. The Coaches are admirable, & the time surprising when we think that they mount a pass of 30 ft, down 12 ft & up another pass as high as the first, & over roads crammed with heavy teams. They lose three or four hours by stopping for meals.

One is struck with the immense bulk of the Sierra range by the gradual rise up the river course to the Summits. The depth of the Sierra - their pines. Hideous.

Started at 6 A.M. of

Tuesday June 5

for Lake Tahoe from Strawberry. Quite cold. The scenery part of the way wild but not more so than around Strawberry. Got jammed in teams a few times & teamsters & stagedrivers a great deal in dust. Road very good all the way up - nine miles.

so that a light buggy could travel on it with ease & safety. - The American river dwindles to a mountain brook as we rise; large snow fields appear on the mountain sides; we reach a plateau encircled by walls, & then ride out into a view of the Eastern Side. About 1/2 past eight we get our view of

Lake Bigler.

1200 ft below us & several miles to the left of the commencement of the downward grade. The whole scene is very majestic & still very beautiful, - far more interesting as a landscape than I had expected. The scale of the enclosure between the two Summits is much larger than I had supposed & there is far more variety in the outline of the mountain walls & cliffs. The highest & most nervous peaks are opposite on the Eastern Summit, wh. are finely splintered, & too sharp for snow. Beyond the lake at the North rise is an immense mountain bulwark covered with snow, & the two colors of the lake - Emerald & Dark blue are clearly discernible. There can be few nobler land-

Scapes on the lobe. – We drove down Easil & crossed with our capital white ponies to the Lake Side Hotel wh. we reached about 10½ of Friday, found a warm welcome from Mr. Van Waken & Mrs Dean; the Landlords, & rejoiced in the quiet the wild loveliness of the Lake, & the keen vital mountain air wh. makes the pines sing sweet in the Lake Circle grove wh. surrounds the house & skirts the Lake. – We received a telegram telling us that Freddie is perfect well, in twenty minutes after our arrival.

Letters
from
Thomas Starr King
Papers.

Newport Sept 8th
Sunday

My dear Edith

We arrived
here safely last eve,
at eight o'clock -
the train being
half an hour late.
The night was
quite foggy
but today the

Property of Princeton University Library

you & mother, who both
need it more than I do,
that I long to have you
come down with Georgie
if it is only for a day
or two.

Richard came to
meet us last night at
the station, & did the dinner

bright sun has
made it charming
as usual.

Last night—
I was sick Thursday
but today after a
good sleep I feel
well again. But
how it seems
so selfish to be
in such a lovely
place, without

in quite good
fashion..

We are the only
guests here.

Prof. Rogers is not
as well this Summer.
Their Bar Harbor villa
is done in a fortnight.
Mr. Sawyer has just
had his 88th birthday -
quite the two brothers
is, I believe, one old

San Francisco
June 1. 1863 —

Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows —

Dear Sir. It is our pleasant office to ask you to accept the ~~Silver~~ Salver, fruit dish, & other vessels of silver wh. will be sent to Newyork with this letter, to your address. We know that labors like yours for the relief of the needs & pain of heroic men are repaid more richly than by any human acceptation & applause. It is partly in confession of a debt that we send our offering. The suffering soldiers ~~whose~~ ~~that~~ who find relief so promptly through the admirable Organization of Your Commission are our Brethren, & are Establishing our prospect to them by their wounds & peril. We discharge an obligation in acknowledging the Service of their benefactor. And we feel that the best wh. California can offer from her treasure & her infant art is due to one who has written & spoken with such eloquent generosity in praise of her response to the call of mercy.

Be pleased to accept our Gift, of wh. the substance is from our Pacific mines & the form from designs made in our own city, with our ~~best~~ hope & prayer

that your labors so valuable to the nation
may soon be relieved by the triumph of
the national arms & law, - & with the
assurance that we shall ever be your
grateful friends, —

Trustees. Letter

Gentlemen; — I received on Saturday, by the kindness of the President, a copy of a vote passed at your last meeting by wh. my Salary is increased one hundred Dollars a month. And I hasten to inform you ~~of my~~ that I decline to allow ~~receive~~ the ~~added~~ proposed addition, while I thank you most heartily for the kindness wh. prompted the vote.

The President in communicating ~~that~~ your action refers to it as the fulfilment of a contract or promise made to me in Boston, that my Salary should be increased when the resources of the Society should warrant it, after paying the debt. I had utterly forgotten such a promise or pledge until his words recalled the fact. It would never again have entered my mind. I did not come here to hold the Society to any pecuniary bargains, - but to help you save the Church / the Cause you run, if possible, & to see the Church restored, firmly placed on a foundation where my successor could be sure of doing better for you than I might do. - I appreciate the freedom your debt has effected more speedily than we thought possible, - but I cannot consent to change the tenor of the pastor's ~~contract~~ & my Salary. —

For some ten or twelve years I have had the hope or dream of visiting Europe to advance myself in one or two studies connected with my profession, through wh. again I might be of greater service to the cause of Liberal Christ in our country. Heavy pecuniary burdens & losses at the East prevented the fulfilment of this hope. The only ambition or care I feel in regard to money is connected with this plan. Your generous action might help me to realize it, - but I am not certain feel so confident that my present Salary is more than I earn, that I cannot consent to the imposition of any heavier tax on the treasury in my behalf. - If, therefore you will recall wh. vote I shall be your debtor.

I believe, gentlemen that I have not informed you of a recent correspondence wh. may be of interest to you. - You are aware that when I left Boston, my relig.

nation was not accepted by the
Hollis St. Socit, but that upon me to take a leave
of absence for fifteen months, with
the tacit understanding that it
might extend to two years. These
two years will expire in April.
In November last I received
a communication from the Hollis
St Socy, / very urgent letters from
members / friends of the cause
in Boston asking for my return.
On the 1st of December I sent
a replies declining to go back,
finally disposing all relations
with the dear old Hollis St.
Church, & opening between them
that I could appoint no
definite limit now to my stay in San
Francisco. I have therefore to-day
official
no ties of any kind to any organi-
zation at the East. I am the
minister of this First Unitarian
Church in this City & Church.
I cannot tell how long I can stay - but I
shall I hope to be enough able in connec-
tion with a Hollis St united Socy

to do more than has yet been done
to make the Society prosperous
& to lay such foundations for a permanent
& successful ministry here that
the parish will have no difficulty
in commanding for my successor
whenever the time shall come,
the best ability of our Church
at the East. —

~~Mr~~ To President
I have known Mr R. J. Stevens as a friend & a patriotic
since my residence in San Fran-
cisco, & in sympathy with his
natural & commendable desire
to vindicate his character in
~~Washington~~ I give him these lines.
The Evidence in the case I have
not seen, & therefore my opinion will not be
worth read. But I may say that
that he can explain whatever may appear
to the disadvantage of
Mrs Knows Mr. Stevens most
intimately, had no doubt in
the administration of the
affairs of the mind grew old
& any ~~del~~ personal interest
in it, special head. —
Mr. Stevens is
~~the~~ a prominent Republican & man-
ager of Col Baker's Senatorial
& this community in his
advocacy through years
in the cause of God, & humanity
& the principles of Republicanism

– a service in vol. he displayed
the same heroism that was
shown at last on a fatal field.
I sealed with the blood. ~~Utah~~
California owes a debt
to Col Baker's name & memory.
Mrs Stevens ~~Effort~~ & daughters
unite to express that name
without a stain are certainly
worthy of all commendation
& sympathy. No one more
cordially
than myself can desire for
him a safe deliverance
in Washington – & if any
appointment abroad can
be offered to him by the
President, as a mark of
esteem & confidence I shall be
the ~~last~~ first that he does
not, & shall most heartily
will be glad & ready to join
the Protest.

Sincerely your friend J J K

San Francisco,

Octo 19. 1862

T. Starr King
"California
I send you a
Banner with an Grizzly
Bear & motto in it."

T. Randall Esq.

My dear friend. —

Hail &
thanks! Your welcome let-
ter reaches us a few days
ago, & the skin was not
far off. My wife is delighted,
& thinks there is nobody
like Mr. Randall. (I'm afraid
that Surveyor Henry agrees
with her in opinion.) We
are deliberating on the use
to wh. the skin shall be
put. We desire to honor the
Otter, & you, & we mean to

You for Mrs. King as a sign of Your sincere friend

do nothing hastily.

One of our last ideas is to have the skin Elephant lined & use it as a rug on wh. the young King, crowned with his Indian root-hat, shall sit cross-legged as a papoose Flat head or Black foot. You should see the boy in his hat, wh. we have had cleaned, & lined, & trimmed with red, white & blue. He looks charming in it, & the hat is quite the rage here.

How pleasantly I remember Olympia, & the showers, & your society, & your kindness, & the happy family of politicians that

surround you! A sweet haze lies over that visit. I should like hugely to repeat it, & sup the excellent hospitality of our good Rebecca's hotel. Give my regards to her most cordially, & tell her that Mrs. King often speaks of her with great interest & gratitude for her kindness. You must also embrace Henry for me, & give my love to the Governor, & salute Mr. Evans, & shake hands for me with the Indian Superintendent, & so soon write an especial message to every bereaved inhabitant of Port Dorland. Do not fail, & charge your

do nothing hastily.

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How glad I am to hear that you are trying to raise something for the wounded soldiers! Our city has given, thus far, $220,000, & the State with the city will contribute before we get through, half a million. If I can be of service in sending on any moneys for you, I am buying drafts here at good rate, do not hesitate to command me.

Shall we never see you here? I hope that we shall before long. We will give you a hearty welcome, be sure. - Give my best regards to Gov. Tuney & his cane. Tell him to keep the cane Christian. Don't suffer it to disturb the Gubernatorial head. - Let me thank you for your too complimentary notice of me, - & remain - while I am

San Francisco,

Oct 25, 1861

Received from Thomas Starr King Two Hundred & fifty Dollars, to be Expended for the benefit of the Regiment under my Command.

Francis J. Lippitt
Col Comdg 2d Infantry R.I.V.

$250—

Lewis to L. K.

Complimentary Ball

San Francisco.
Dec. 9, 1861.

Lines to Miss F— P—

When twilight comes and night-dews trickle down
Like Heavenly manna for the sleeping flowers
When bright-green fields are but a shadowy brown
And stars like glimmering lights in distant-towers
That guard the place where the fair maid doth rest—
East silver lanes at the envious sea
Who mirrors all their beauty on her breast—
At this sweet time I'd put thee to a test.
Were I the sea and thou the moon so pale
Ah wouldst thou let the stars shower me with lances
Because perchance I gave thee loving glances
For thy dear form my very soul entrances
And all my songs are but a love lorn lute
Oh if thou didst methinks my ~~throbbing~~ throbbing breast
Would save all future dreams of love and bliss
And with a sigh I'd snatch a farwell kiss
While all my ~~little~~ sepples with a pent
Foamed at the mouth — that is a proxy vent
Would tip the curling lips the sweet-maid pressed
And with a breaking heart I would prove out
My dreams of love in one grand watery-spout—

San Francisco Dec 9th 1861

Memorial tribute to Thomas Starr King.

worth the having. They
the storm, and fall as drops
when shaken by the wind, or
ther more impressive figure
xt, as fall the stars of heaven
nvulsed by the earthquake.
ter, indeed, that the stars
from the sky, and the heav-
sackcloth, than that those
ade in his own image, and
everlasting progress, should
ine lineage, forswear their
e the glory, honor, and im-
constitute their birthright,
lice and meanness of soul as
itance. For more than the
t gems the brow of night is
hath fashioned in his own
s resplendent with truth and
there is no darkness and no
disastrous as the wreck and
attend the aberration of that
enly orbit.
nificent nation of ours—this
inary of all the constellations
f history—now darkened by
the world—what must be its
also fall and pass away?
atmos, as he beheld the seals
ok unrolled, glanced along
istianity, and saw in vision
nd revolutions that were to
s and empires of the earth,
ation and dynasty then ex-
yet to be. Thrones, and
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l march, giving up their
freedom, humanity, and
grace, while still the gale
may be, augmented vic-
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and that is loyal to God
hen loyalty means heroic
patience, and immortal

ND UNIVERSALISTS

E MORE.

Christian Inquirer:

oversy, especially between
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ists; and I hope just as
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mall part of it—if at all—at
It is also quite important
hould be supposed to hold
because they were held by
fifty years ago.

While I grant that Uni-
be a little *waspish* in speak-
mistakes of their Unitarian
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little less *patronizing* when
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"A Unitarian;" for, truly,
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scorching language of our
what "A Unitarian" says,
viz.: "We believe that one class of Universalists believe most firmly that all will be saved at the death of the body, if not before, without respect of persons or distinction of moral character," his critic would have been silent, unless to frankly agree with him, and with deep regret besides; but this was not said. On the contrary, Universalists, *as a body*, were placed in that category, just as Calvinists, as a body, were classed in one belief. This is simply untrue, and the critic felt that the writer must have known it. Prove that he did not, or that he was heedless in expression, and "'A Unitarian Universalist' will be ready to recall any language of his which may have the least appearance of undue harshness and severity."

Most cordially do we invite Unitarians to state, "in a proper temper and spirit," what they honestly think our leading doctrines are; only we hope that "unintentional" misstatements will be as few as possible, and that they will be kind enough to give us credit for some little progress during the last twenty years. It was not necessary for the critic to "ask for proof of the statements which were made," for he knew that the statement, as made, was *untrue*. Nor did he question "the truthfulness and sincerity" or "the apparent good faith and honesty" of the writer; he only "questioned" the propriety of making a statement that would compromise the whole denomination, because of notions held by not one in a hundred among them. Here is where he considered the sagacity of the writer at fault.

I do wish that Unitarian writers could express their good wishes and cordial feelings toward us in a little less "scholarly" way; for I do not know to what else to attribute such expressions as the following: "If our Universalist friends desire to have Christian fellowship with us, let us, by all means, be ready." How condescending! Do *they* desire to have Christian fellowship with *us?* Do they wish us to avoid expressing, as well as feeling, how deeply such patronizing forms of expression injure our sense of Christian brotherhood and friendship? We need not to be so often reminded how far below them in scholarship and culture we unfortunately are; nor do we want to fee that they seem to take delight in reminding us of our plebeianship. I do not suppose they think of this, any more than did the boys in the fable.

Brethren, we honestly and sincerely rejoice in your prosperity, ability, and even superiority to us in very many respects. We very well know there is no essential difference in our religious faiths. We also know that each denomination can yet do more good separate than united. The time will come (please God) when both communions will unite in one family, and "be baptized by one Spirit into one body." For this let us unitedly pray, labor, and wait, while we "strive to be manly, fair, and Christian."

A Unitarian Universalist.

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, Sept. 21, 1864.

The First Unitarian Society in San Francisco to the First Congregational Society worshipping at the "Church of All Souls" in New-York:

Brethren and Friends—We cannot be so unmindful of our duty to you as to fail to acknowledge our gratitude for the sympathy which you have manifested towards us in our great bereavement—a bereavement which cannot be measured by words nor expressed by outward symbols, but which can only be felt and appreciated in the hearts of us all.

Our Society, up to the year 1860, had been called upon to struggle against various obstacles. Separated from kindred associations at the East, feeble in the beginning, bereaved of our first pastor after a ministration of a few weeks only, weakened by the financial crises through which the State subsequently passed, subjected to all the vicissitudes of pioneer life, battling against error in a distant part of the country, with but few to encourage and few to assist—our future indeed looked dark and gloomy.

In this hour of our greatest despondency, Providence directed hither, from your shores, where he was so loved and honored, our late pastor, Rev. Thomas Starr King. In the short period of his ministry here, by the purity of his life, his untiring industry, his tenacity of purpose, his winning oratory, his catholic spirit, and his power over the hearts of men, he raised us from the depths of our weakness to a position of great influence and power.

In the midst of his usefulness, and in the flower of his strength, it pleased God to remove him to another sphere. Our thoughts then instinctively turned towards you. Our relations with your Society had been most intimate. Your pastor had been the pastor of many of us. He had been alive to the necessities of our cause here for many years, and had exercised a commanding influence in the arrangement by which his greatly endeared friend, Mr. King, came to this field of labor. The two pastors were united by bonds of sympathy and affection, and *we* felt that we were not strangers to *you*. We called upon you for assistance. We asked what we knew you could only grant by great sacrifice of feeling and of interest. We begged of you the priceless boon of the services of him who had for a quarter of a century ministered to your spiritual wants, and who, we well knew, could but poorly be spared, if spared at all, from among you.

We did not supplicate in vain. With that spirit of heroism, by the exercise of which alone our glorious cause can prosper, you did not hesitate to listen to our prayers. You nobly spared your pastor for *our* sakes, and he came to continue the great work of religion and humanity which had been so successfully inaugurated under the administration of Mr. King. For this act of Christian kindness, charity, and love, we now desire to convey to you our most profound acknowledgments of gratitude.

It is perhaps unnecessary to tell you of the services rendered to us and to our cause by Dr. Bellows. His arrival was opportune and providential. Almost crushed and broken as we were, by the stunning effects of our loss, he came in time to save us. But for him, it would be impossible to say what would have been the extent of our disaster. He took up the cross where Mr. King had laid it down, and continued the work with flattering success.

His public and private labors have been unremitting, and the good that has been accomplished by his visit—too brief to suit our desires, but longer than we had any right to ask—cannot be calculated. He leaves us as strong as ever, with every prospect of future usefulness, and every element of growth and influence, which for a season were suspended, restored to us.

His exertions in the cause of the Sanitary Commission, to which *we too* had become wedded, have been large and wide-spread; and we rejoice to say that that vast charity is now organized upon a basis which will command hereafter, as it has commanded heretofore, the interest and fostering care of the people of the entire Pacific coast.

The bond of sympathy between your society and ours is now cemented perfectly. A *second* pastor has come to us from you. He has been installed with flattering auguries, and your own will now return. We shall hereafter feel bound to you by the tenderest cords of affection. We shall be anxious to avail ourselves of every opportunity to express to you our obligations for your great kindness, and shall never cease to invoke the richest blessings of Heaven upon your flock, whose shepherd has been *our* shepherd, whose guide has been *our* guide.

Praying that your pastor with his interesting family may be restored to you in safety and health, and receive a generous welcome to their homes from warm and enthusiastic hearts, we remain,

Yours, very affectionately,

The First Unitarian Society
In San Francisco.

By Robert B. Swain,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Robert B. Swain, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees of the First Unitarian Church in San Francisco, was educated to business in the counting-room of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. Of Quaker origin, from Nantucket, he came as a lad of seventeen years to New-York, and, by untiring industry, perfected his literary education here in studies by night, while earning the confidence and respect of his employers by his devoted attention to their interests through the day. His health breaking down, he left New-York for a milder climate about nine years ago, but not without carrying a mind and heart full of Liberal Christianity, acquired in a long attendance at the First Unitarian Church in New-York, with which he connected himself on coming to this city. Intimate with its pastor, he established a bond between the new society in San Francisco—of which he took an earnest and immediate hold—and his old religious home in New-York, which for nine years has held, and grown stronger every day. Mr. King found in Mr. Swain his wisest and closest adviser and friend, and one of his most constant companions. Indeed, he watched his death-bed, and recited to the church all that was most interesting and touching in that most pregnant scene. For many years President of the Board, his ready pen, accomplished voice, and firm, decisive judgment have rendered services to the church and to our Liberal cause, which few laymen have ever been able to lay on the Christian altar. Successful and uniformly respected as a merchant; Director of the United States' mint in San Francisco, the most responsible post on the Pacific coast (coining five times as much money in value as the Philadelphia mint), an earnest advocate of the patriotic cause, and of any enlarged and high-toned enterprise, his character as a citizen, friend, and a Christian, entitle him to be as widely known and honored as the Liberal cause and the country itself.

LETTER FROM ROCKFORD.

Rockford, Ill., Oct. 24, 1864.

To the Editor of the Christian Inquirer:

Your readers, or some of them, at least, will be glad to hear a good word concerning the church of our faith in this city. They will remember, perhaps, that Rev. William G. Nowell was settled as its pastor last April. At that time the Sunday-school was thoroughly reörganized; and in consequence of further united effort and interest on the part of the pastor and people, this important branch of the church has nearly trebled its numbers and usefulness during the past six months. The first semi-annual report-day exercises of the school were held yesterday; and the report of the Secretary showed that, instead of 36 members, which was the number belonging to the school last April, 86 members are at present connected with it. Several more joined the school yesterday, raising the whole number to over 90.

Nor has this unprecedented prosperity been confined to this branch of our church alone. The Society itself has increased and grown more active. Our Treasurer told me the other day that there were more pew-holders in the church than at any former period of its history. Certainly, in its contributions to meet its current expenses and for charitable purposes, this church has surpassed itself of late. Several times, in large Union meetings, at which collections were taken up for the great charities of the day, one gentleman connected with our church has placed upon the plate over a third of the entire amount contributed by the congregation.

Indeed, I think that you will find that genuine Unitarians out West are much the same as their brethren everywhere—liberal givers for every good purpose. Only we do wish sometimes that the West were richer in money than it is as yet, that it might give more, and better supply its needs.

But I must not write this time about anything else than the unwonted prosperity of our little church, which so gladdens all our hearts. Next June, when the Western Conference meets with us, we hope to exhibit a yet further improved condition of affairs in Rockford, so that the growth and activity of our church may be as apparent to our visitors as the growth and activity of our goodly city now is to the eyes of your correspondent. B.

A NARRATIVE OF

WEEK-DAY TRAVEL.

VI.

Strada Ferrata to Roma.

The last day of the week we took the cars for Rome. Rain! Rain! With great parade the trunks were weighed, the money paid, the certificates made; though it needed an extra half franc to procure those precious documents. A dollar and more extra to be paid for each trunk, though travelling first-class, making the fare from Naples eight dollars. The road lies through a beautiful country, but a drizzly, drozzly day is not favorable for the sight of it. Our party was large enough to fill two cars; and a nice time we had, with books, chat, and naps. At mid-day the locomotive was changed, and we retrograded, a movement which mysteriously landed us in Rome when we feared we were retreating to Naples.

At Ceprano, a prolonged stoppage. Changed trains, and ate a comfortable dinner. Bags and portmanteaus were searched. This was the overhauling we had heard of and dreaded, but the bark was worse than the bite. The search was a mere form. Friends had been seriously inconvenienced only a few weeks before, and forced to pay duty on most frivolous articles. Were *we* never to have a custom-house bother to talk about in the years to come, and to write about in the newspapers present? Or, was it always to be just ahead, never grasped, a Will o' the Wisp? Passports had been demanded at the last station. At Ceprano they awaited us in a shanty, with the Papal stamp already affixed, to be had for the asking and a dime. No more trouble about passport

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V-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

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gained its great-
t this lame peace
osy of slavery—
that black spot
For four years
suspended; for
fallen back and
must live in per-

petual contradiction to the Gospel, by compounding with injustice, and all this to leave to our children what we have received from our fathers, an incurable evil that will destroy the republic and liberty.

Anxieties, regrets, remorse—this is all that will be given by this compromise, which the Democrats glorify in advance, and which they present as a claim to confidence to the misled people whose suffrage they demand But, however shameful this compromise might be to the North, would the South accept it? I dare affirm that it would not. If General McClellan prevails, this will be his first disenchantment, and the first punishment of his party. An aristocracy few in number, and firmly united, feels its strength, and knows how to choose the favorable moment. What will the election of General McClellan signify, if not that the Democracy is wearied, that its efforts have failed, that it wishes for peace at any price? Everything is extreme in Democracy, weakness as well as strength, self-abandonment as well as heroism. A Democracy that desires war no longer, will accept any conditions, reserving the right of execrating on the morrow those who have misled it. It is certain that the South will profit by this advantage, and that it will seize again in an instant the supremacy which four years of war have caused it to lose. Either it will not return to the Union, or, if it returns, it will be only in appearance, constituting for itself a separate position, proposing the exclusion of New-England, or that strange system of two republics, independent internally, and represented without by the same President; in a word, the sovereignity that will be recognized by treating with it, the South will maintain, and will cause to triumph. The true President of the Union, reconstructed by the Democrats, will not be General McClellan, but Jefferson Davis.

Will the American Democracy suffer itself to be again seduced by a party that for thirty years has always misled it? Is it so much in need of and thirsting for peace that it is ready to sacrifice to it the interest, the honor, the future of the country? Among this people, which for four years has done such great deeds, will the Democrats succeed in gaining a majority that will break with the glorious past, and accept the shame of a compromise? Will it disavow the noble soldiers who, amid their sufferings, ask only to continue the war? And is it about to dismiss Grant, Meade, Sherman, and Farragut, to offer to the admiration of America the patriotism of men resigned in advance to the supremacy of the South, or to separation? If America has come to this, how much has it degenerated! In its history it would find different examples and memories. From 1776 to 1781, what miseries did not the Revolutionists suffer—soldiers without bread and without shoes, a worthless paper currency, towns burned, fields laid waste—yet, notwithstanding, except a handful of Tories whom shame followed even into the grave, who ever proposed to treat with the enemy? The armies of 1864 are neither less brave nor less patriotic than the armies of the Revolution. Success is almost certain, victory assured, and the North is finally on the verge of a glorious peace. And is it at this moment that the American people will listen to men who propose to it to abdicate?

No, I will never believe that a generous nation, which has already more than once astonished Europe by its energy and perseverance, will miserably yield to discouragement, when with a last effort it can crush the rebellion. The hope of the enemies of the great republic will be disappointed. Rejuvenated by victory, strengthened by trial, America will expel slavery from the world, and will give an example still greater than that of the War of Independence. Twice it will have secured the triumph of liberty—political liberty in 1776, civil liberty in 1864. Neither Greece nor Rome have left memories so great.

Old friends of the United States, be not astonished at the warmth of my words. The world is jointly responsible; and the cause of America is that of liberty. So long as there is on the other side of the Atlantic a community of thirty million men, living happily and peacefully under the Government it has chosen, with the laws that it makes itself, liberty will radiate on Europe, as from a shining beacon; America, rid of slavery, will be the country of every ardent soul, of every generous heart. But if liberty is eclipsed in the New World, darkness will ensue in Europe; and we shall see the work of Washington, Franklin, and Hamilton spit upon and trodden under foot, by a school that believes only in strength and success.

This is why we await with impatience the Presidential election, praying God that the name that shall be drawn from the urn may be that of the honest and upright Abraham Lincoln, for this name will be a presage of victory, the triumph of justice and right. To vote for McClellan is to vote for the humiliation of the North, the perpetual maintenance of slavery, and the disruption of the great republic. To vote for Lincoln is to vote for Union and for Liberty. Edouard Laboulaye.

IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

This was one of the golden sayings of Jedediah Pettisol. One might think so, at least, by the frequency and emphasis with which it fell from his lips.

Jedediah was reckoned one of the richest men in the village of Needwal. He lived in that great white house you see yonder, with the tufts of lilacs before each of the front windows, the great sugar maples in the grassy yard, the light, neat picket-fences; the large barn so perfectly built, so trimly kept, and surrounded by the well-tended acres of the richest farm of the neighborhood.

Jedediah was reputed a snug, safe man—an excellent manager of money—of which he had laid by an untold store, how much it was difficult to say, but there was a "slow, dry smile" which curled his hard features when the inquiry was made, that stimulated the imagination of the questioner more than the mention of any definite sum.

Jedediah was an excellent householder in all pertaining to his own. His wife lacked for nothing—rustled to church in the stiffest of silks and heaviest of satins, wore an India shawl, and got her bonnets quarterly from New-York, to the great edification of Miss Pewit, the country milliner, and of all her rural neighbors. All Jedediah's sons and daughters walked in brightness, and lived on the fat of the land; they went to the best schools, wore the best clothes, ate the best things, and were reported to do everything in the best way. He rubbed his hands as he looked round on his rising race. He flattered himself there were no such children going *He* took care care of them; they were his, and Jedediah always took care of his *own* things. Whatever was his, though but the breadth and thickness of a hair, *was* his, and was attended to with microscopic nicety.

But to all that was not *his*, to everybody not his own, to every one's cares, wants, outside the circle of his own, Jedediah had one short, golden saying:

"It's None of My Business."

Jedediah was a proper, church-going man—nay, a church-member, and being a church-member, his townsmen thought the least they could do for a man of such substance and admirable management was to make him a deacon.

They hoped thereby, in a measure, to bring the affairs of the church into the charmed circle which he called his own. They were much mistaken. He was too shrewd for them. "If they think they're going to get their burdens off on to my shoulders, they're mistaken. I pay my subscription punctually; that's all I agreed to do; as to the rest, it's not my business."

If a subscription was up for any charitable object Jedediah was very acute in finding out that it was none of his business.

"Subscribe to a town library? No; what do I want of a town library? I'm able to buy all the books I want, and prefer to read my own books."

"But, Mr. Pettisol, think how many of your neighbors are not, and what an excellent thing for them it would be!"

"Well, let them get it; it's none of my business, I'm sure; we've more books than we can ever read, now."

"Mr. Pettisol, we called to see if you would subscribe for a furnace for the church?"

"No. What's the use of a furnace? The stove keeps us comfortable enough."

"Your pew and two or three about it are comfortable, but the galleries, where the poorer people sit, and the pews by the door—in short, half the pews in the house, are very uncomfortable."

"Well, let them that find it so, subscribe. I don't; so it's none of my business."

Now Mr. Pettisol was a very orthodox man, and believed devoutly every one of the five points of Calvinism; and he could set any young minister right in a twinkling, that blundered on them. He kept an austere watch on his new pastor, Mr. Service, whom he suspected somehow of not having precisely the good old ways. "I don't hear you preach the strong old points," he would say: "Divine sovereignty, and election;" and the minister smiled in a manner that Mr. Pettisol wondered at.

"Did you ever hear of this doctrine, Mr. Pettisol? 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others."

"That isn't a doctrine," said Mr. Pettisol; "it's a declaration of the Bible."

"Why isn't it a doctrine?" said Mr. Service, and left him.

Mr. Pettisol felt for some time that dull, confused sensation in his brain that is produced by a new idea fumbling at the rusty lock of a very old door. He had been to the sacrament punctually every two months for twenty years. He had supposed himself primed in all the ins and outs of doctrine; and in all this time nobody had ever said such a singular thing to him as this. It confused him, and he put it out of his head. The minister was young and modest; he supposed he had dropped a seed which he hoped would germinate—he did not make allowance for that flock of domestic fowls called old prejudices who make it their business instantly to gobble up all such seeds.

When he thought the seed had germinated, he called on Jedediah, to open a case which lay heavily on his mind, and in which no one in his parish was better able to give him material aid.

There had recently been a factory established in a distant part of his parish, which had brought into the place a large population of young lads and girls, who, as often happens in such cases, seemed to be under very indifferent moral influences. Sunday was a perfect carnival of unseemly proceedings. The boys marauded through the fields, robbed orchards and melon-patches, and the girls, flaunting in gay dresses and laughing loudly, were often seen in certain dubious coffee-houses, which had sprung up like mushrooms in the neighborhood of the factory.

Mr. Service, with two or three energetic, self-denying men and women of his parish, had ventured into this region and set up a Sabbath-school, and succeeded in producing some interest in better things.

That morning at table Mr. Service said to his wife, "If I only were rich, now, I know what I would do. I'd put up a neat little hall for our Sunday school, and have a library in it, and I could draw in ever so many; it might become the nucleus of a church as well as serve for the use of a Sunday-school."

"Well, let's get up a subscription for it," said his wife, "there's Deacon Pettisol owns the land, perhaps he'll give us that."

"I doubt it," said Mr. Service.

"O, yes! only go and talk to him—tell him all about it—he can't refuse."

So that evening Mr Service called at Mr. Pettisol's, and was cordially received; some fine pears and grapes were offered to him in the best front parlor, and Mrs. Pettisol and Mr. Pettisol were delighted to see him.

He told his story.

"I hardly see what call you have to meddle with that factory population," said Mr. Pettisol "If I mistake not, the factory stands the other side of the town line, and it's the business of Smith & Simons to provide such things, if anybody. Why don't you go to them?"

"I have been to them, and they are mere money-making men of the world, and don't care for *any* thing of the sort."

"Well, then," said Jedediah, "I believe the factory, in point of fact, stands in Mr. Brown's parish."

"Perhaps in mere point of geography, the line may run this side of the factory, but in point of fact the the people are much nearer to us than to him. *The* fact is, Mr. Pettisol, it is for our interest to take care of this population, or they will corrupt the state of morals among us. These roving, idle young men and boys, many of them bright and active, will be leading away the boys of this parish; even now the Sabbath is dreadfully profaned among us."

"I'll risk my children," said Mr. Pettisol. "I can't cut down all the dockweed in my neigborhood, or clear off all the caterpillars from my neighbor's trees, but I can keep the weeds off my own farm."

"I doubt it," said Mr. Service; "but if you could, it would be less work to cut down one stalk of dockweed, green in your neighbor's field, than to hoe up a thousand young docks after the wind had seeded your farm with them. If any one would have made it their business to clear the caterpillars off the wild cherry-tree at the head of the street, you would have saved two days' work in your orchards about."

"I know that," said Mr. Pettisol; "but I ain't going to do other people's work. That tree stands on Jim Stenton's ground, and if he don't attend to it, I ain't going to do it for him, I'm sure."

"Not if it fills every tree of your orchard with caterpillars," said Mr. Service.

"I can take care of my own trees," said Mr. Pettisol. "I'd rather do twice the work on my own place than to do work that isn't my business."

"Mr. Pettisol," said Mr. Service, "have you thought any of that doctrine I spoke to you about?"

"What doctrine, sir?"

"'Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others.' What do you think of that doctrine? It's in the Bible, as plain as the doctrine of election."

At this point Mr. Pettisol began to have secret doubts of the validity of Paul's epistles; but he did not venture to assert them in so many words, so he passed the grape dish again to his minister, and said:

"I trust I am always ready to do my duty in my own field. But I believe in *order*, sir, order; in every one sticking to his business. Now we have engaged you, sir, to attend to us—keep up our preaching, and weekly lecture, and prayer-meeting, and really, sir, I don't see how you can burden yourself with this work without taking the strength you need for your main business."

"Mr. Pettisol," said Mr. Service, "I do not consider myself in the light of a man hired to take care of you, *merely;* I am the servant and shepherd of Christ, and my duty is to all wandering souls whom I am ab
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"I shall forbid my so
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"I should not," said
theless, I fear they will."

"Well, perhaps I may
give something," said the

"If you would only giv
this side the factory, to
Mr. Service.

"Why, Mr. Service, yo
matters," said Mr. Pettis
smile; "that lot of land
per cent. a year."

"For all that, I think
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"Who wants to l
said Mr. Pettisol. "
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"The Lord Jesu
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said Mr. Service.
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"Well, well, Mr.
let you know. I'll
Mr. Pettisol, and
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"Why, my dear,"
makes you doubt his

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"I think," said
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The fact was, tha
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The next morning
a very cold note seven
ister.

Shortly after, secret
the parish. Mr. Servi
There was a great me
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In a short time Mr. Se
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Pettisol first and fores

There were days, lo
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TO PERSEVER

A D

We copy from an a
by Rev. Leonard J.
ton, Mass., the followi
the ring of firmness
the heroes of 1776. T
day and hour:

First, then, in any g
for good reasons, reaso
of religious duty, we
Whether we succeed
Ours is to do our dut
struggle, if we began i
reasons, we are sharin
ence of mankind in a
good thing that has
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were so causelessly and
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to assert its authority a
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brave men have affirme
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years ago? Is the qu
changed? I know th
have entered, if we d
tions as those pertainin
but the unqualified d
rebel lately showed th
one question at issue—
destruction of our nati
any change in the ten
spirit of more than infer
with which from the fi
their purpose. After al
have had, they still t
the dust, plundering
our fields, wringing fro
of military violence

Memorial tribute to Thomas Starr King.

e worth the having. They
f the storm, and fall as drops
when shaken by the wind, or
ther more impressive figure
xt, as fall the stars of heaven
nvulsed by the earthquake.
ter, indeed, that the stars
rom the sky, and the heav-
sackcloth, than that those
ade in his own image, and
everlasting progress, should
ine lineage, forswear their
e the glory, honor, and im-
constitute their birthright,
lice and meanness of soul as
itance. For more than the
t gems the brow of night is
hath fashioned in his own
s resplendent with truth and
there is no darkness and no
disastrous as the wreck and
attend the aberration of that
enly orbit.
nificent nation of ours—this
inary of all the constellations
f history—now darkened by
the world—what must be its
also fall and pass away?
atmos, as he beheld the seals
ook unrolled, glanced along
istianity, and saw in vision
nd revolutions that were to
s and empires of the earth,
ation and dynasty then ex-
e yet to be. Thrones, and
powers that knew not God,
re doomed to perish. Did
ion extend to our own time
mighty star of empire?
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to determine the nation's
shall still hold her place
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ve it, and pray for it,
-and, having done all,

viz.: "We believe that one class of Universalists believe most firmly that all will be saved at the death of the body, if not before, without respect of persons or distinction of moral character," his critic would have been silent, unless to frankly agree with him, and with deep regret besides; but this was not said. On the contrary, Universalists, *as a body*, were placed in that category, just as Calvinists, as a body, were classed in one belief. This is simply untrue, and the critic felt that the writer must have known it. Prove that he did not, or that he was heedless in expression, and "'A Unitarian Universalist' will be ready to recall any language of his which may have the least appearance of undue harshness and severity."

Most cordially do we invite Unitarians to state, "in a proper temper and spirit," what they honestly think our leading doctrines are; only we hope that "unintentional" misstatements will be as few as possible, and that they will be kind enough to give us credit for some little progress during the last twenty years. It was not necessary for the critic to "ask for proof of the statements which were made," for he knew that the statement, as made, was *untrue*. Nor did he question "the truthfulness and sincerity" or "the apparent good faith and honesty" of the writer; he only "questioned" the propriety of making a statement that would compromise the whole denomination, because of notions held by not one in a hundred among them. Here is where he considered the sagacity of the writer at fault.

I do wish that Unitarian writers could express their good wishes and cordial feelings toward us in a little less "scholarly" way; for I do not know to what else to attribute such expressions as the following: "If our Universalist friends desire to have Christian fellowship with us, let us, by all means, be ready." How condescending! Do *they* desire to have Christian fellowship with *us?* Do they wish us to avoid expressing, as well as feeling, how deeply such patronizing forms of expression injure our sense of Christian brotherhood and friendship? We need not to be so often reminded how far below them in scholarship and culture we unfortunately are; nor do we want to fee that they seem to take delight in reminding us of our plebeianship. I do not suppose they think of this, any more than did the boys in the fable.

Brethren, we honestly and sincerely rejoice in your prosperity, ability, and even superiority to us in very many respects. We very well know there is no essential difference in our religious faiths. We also know that each denomination can yet do more good separate than united. The time will come (please God) when both communions will unite in one family, and "be baptized by one Spirit into one body." For this let us unitedly pray, labor, and wait, while we "strive to be manly, fair, and Christian."

A Unitarian Universalist.

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, Sept. 21, 1864.

The First Unitarian Society in San Francisco to the First Congregational Society worshipping at the "Church of All Souls" in New-York:

Brethren and Friends—We cannot be so unmindful of our duty to you as to fail to acknowledge our gratitude for the sympathy

The bond of sympathy between your society and ours is now cemented perfectly. A *second* pastor has come to us from you. He has been installed with flattering auguries, and your own will now return. We shall hereafter feel bound to you by the tenderest cords of affection. We shall be anxious to avail ourselves of every opportunity to express to you our obligations for your great kindness, and shall never cease to invoke the richest blessings of Heaven upon your flock, whose shepherd has been *our* shepherd, whose guide has been *our* guide.

Praying that your pastor with his interesting family may be restored to you in safety and health, and receive a generous welcome to their homes from warm and enthusiastic hearts, we remain,

Yours, very affectionately,

The First Unitarian Society
In San Francisco.

By Robert B. Swain,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Robert B. Swain, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees of the First Unitarian Church in San Franciso, was educated to business in the counting-room of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. Of Quaker origin, from Nantucket, he came as a lad of seventeen years to New-York, and, by untiring industry, perfected his literary education here in studies by night, while earning the confidence and respect of his employers by his devoted attention to their interests through the day. His health breaking down, he left New-York for a milder climate about nine years ago, but not without carrying a mind and heart full of Liberal Christianity, acquired in a long attendance at the First Unitarian Church in New-York, with which he connected himself on coming to this city. Intimate with its pastor, he established a bond between the new society in San Francisco—of which he took an earnest and immediate hold—and his old religious home in New-York, which for nine years has held, and grown stronger every day. Mr. King found in Mr. Swain his wisest and closest adviser and friend, and one of his most constant companions. Indeed, he watched his death-bed, and recited to the church all that was most interesting and touching in that most pregnant scene. For many years President of the Board, his ready pen, accomplished voice, and firm, decisive judgment have rendered services to the church and to our Liberal cause, which few laymen have ever been able to lay on the Christian altar. Successful and uniformly respected as a merchant; Director of the United States' mint in San Francisco, the most responsible post on the Pacific coast (coining five times as much money in value as the Philadelphia mint), an earnest advocate of the patriotic cause, and of any enlarged and high-toned enterprise, his character as a citizen, friend, and a Christian, entitle him to be as widely known and honored as the Liberal cause and the country itself.

LETTER FROM ROCKFORD.

Rockford, Ill., Oct. 24, 1864.

To the Editor of the Christian Inquirer:

Your readers, or some of them, at least, will be glad to hear a good word concerning the church of our faith in this city. They will re-

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and that is loyal to God
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patience, and immortal

ND UNIVERSALISTS
E MORE.

Christian Inquirer:

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think of this, any more than did the boys in the fable.

Brethren, we honestly and sincerely rejoice in your prosperity, ability, and even superiority to us in very many respects. We very well know there is no essential difference in our religious faiths. We also know that each denomination can yet do more good separate than united. The time will come (please God) when both communions will unite in one family, and "be baptized by one Spirit into one body." For this let us unitedly pray, labor, and wait, while we "strive to be manly, fair, and Christian."

A UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST.

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21, 1864.

The First Unitarian Society in San Francisco to the First Congregational Society worshipping at the "Church of All Souls" in New-York:

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS—We cannot be so unmindful of our duty to you as to fail to acknowledge our gratitude for the sympathy which you have manifested towards us in our great bereavement—a bereavement which cannot be measured by words nor expressed by outward symbols, but which can only be felt and appreciated in the hearts of us all.

Our Society, up to the year 1860, had been called upon to struggle against various obstacles. Separated from kindred associations at the East, feeble in the beginning, bereaved of our first pastor after a ministration of a few weeks only, weakened by the financial crises through which the State subsequently passed, subjected to all the vicissitudes of pioneer life, battling against error in a distant part of the country, with but few to encourage and few to assist—our future indeed looked dark and gloomy.

In this hour of our greatest despondency, Providence directed hither, from your shores, where he was so loved and honored, our late pastor, Rev. THOMAS STARR KING. In the short period of his ministry here, by the purity of his life, his untiring industry, his tenacity of purpose, his winning oratory, his catholic spirit, and his power over the hearts of men, he raised us from the depths of our weakness to a position of great influence and power.

In the midst of his usefulness, and in the flower of his strength, it pleased God to remove him to another sphere. Our thoughts then instinctively turned towards you. Our relations with your Society had been most intimate. Your pastor had been the pastor of many of us. He had been alive to the necessities of our cause here for many years, and had exercised a commanding influence in the arrangement by which his greatly endeared friend, Mr. King, came to this field of labor. The two pastors were united by bonds of sympathy and affection, and *we* felt that we were not strangers to *you*. We called upon you for assistance. We asked what we knew you could only grant by great sacrifice of feeling and of interest. We begged of you the priceless boon of the services of him who had for a quarter of a century ministered to your spiritual wants, and who, we well knew, could but poorly be spared, if spared at all, from among you.

We did not supplicate in vain. With that spirit of heroism, by the exercise of which alone our glorious cause can prosper, you did not hesitate to listen to our prayers. You nobly spared your pastor for *our* sakes, and he came to continue the great work of religion and humanity which had been so successfully inaugurated under the administration of Mr. King. For this act of Christian kindness, charity, and love, we now desire to convey to you our most profound acknowledgments of gratitude.

It is perhaps unnecessary to tell you of the services rendered to us and to our cause by Dr. BELLOWS. His arrival was opportune and providential. Almost crushed and broken as we were, by the stunning effects of our loss, he

most pregnant scene. For many years President of the Board, his ready pen, accomplished voice, and firm, decisive judgment have rendered services to the church and to our Liberal cause, which few laymen have ever been able to lay on the Christian altar. Successful and uniformly respected as a merchant; Director of the United States' mint in San Francisco, the most responsible post on the Pacific coast (coining five times as much money in value as the Philadelphia mint), an earnest advocate of the patriotic cause, and of any enlarged and high-toned enterprise, his character as a citizen, friend, and a Christian, entitle him to be as widely known and honored as the Liberal cause and the country itself.

LETTER FROM ROCKFORD.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Oct. 24, 1864.

To the Editor of the Christian Inquirer:

YOUR readers, or some of them, at least, will be glad to hear a good word concerning the church of our faith in this city. They will remember, perhaps, that Rev. WILLIAM G. NOWELL was settled as its pastor last April. At that time the Sunday-school was thoroughly reörganized; and in consequence of further united effort and interest on the part of the pastor and people, this important branch of the church has nearly trebled its numbers and usefulness during the past six months. The first semi-annual report-day exercises of the school were held yesterday; and the report of the Secretary showed that, instead of 36 members, which was the number belonging to the school last April, 86 members are at present connected with it. Several more joined the school yesterday, raising the whole number to over 90.

Nor has this unprecedented prosperity been confined to this branch of our church alone. The Society itself has increased and grown more active. Our Treasurer told me the other day that there were more pew-holders in the church than at any former period of its history. Certainly, in its contributions to meet its current expenses and for charitable purposes, this church has surpassed itself of late. Several times, in large Union meetings, at which collections were taken up for the great charities of the day, one gentleman connected with our church has placed upon the plate over a third of the entire amount contributed by the congregation.

Indeed, I think that you will find that genuine Unitarians out West are much the same as their brethren everywhere—liberal givers for every good purpose. Only we do wish sometimes that the West were richer in money than it is as yet, that it might give more, and better supply its needs.

But I must not write this time about anything else than the unwonted prosperity of our little church, which so gladdens all our hearts. Next June, when the Western Conference meets with us, we hope to exhibit a yet further improved condition of affairs in Rockford, so that the growth and activity of our church may be as apparent to our visitors as the growth and activity of our goodly city now is to the eyes of your correspondent. B.

A NARRATIVE OF
WEEK-DAY TRAVEL.
VI.

Strada Ferrata to Roma.

THE last day of the week we took the cars for Rome. Rain! Rain! With great parade the trunks were weighed, the money paid, the certificates made; though it needed an extra half franc to procure those precious documents. A dollar and more extra to be paid for each trunk, though travelling first-class, making the fare from Naples eight dollars. The road lies through a beautiful country, but a drizzly, drozzly day is not favorable for the sight of it. Our party was large enough to fill

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Christian Inquirer:

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His public and private labors have been unremitting, and the good that has been accomplished by his visit—too brief to suit our desires, but longer than we had any right to ask—cannot be calculated. He leaves us as strong as ever, with every prospect of future usefulness, and every element of growth and influence, which for a season were suspended, restored to us.

His exertions in the cause of the Sanitary Commission, to which *we too* had become wedded, have been large and wide-spread; and we rejoice to say that that vast charity is now organized upon a basis which wil command hereafter, as it has commanded heretofore, the interest and fostering care of the people of the entire Pacific coast.

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At Ceprano, a prolonged stoppage. Changed trains, and ate a comfortable dinner. Bags and portmanteaus were searched. This was the overhauling we had heard of and dreaded, but the bark was worse than the bite. The search was a mere form. Friends had been seriously inconvenienced only a few weeks before, and forced to pay duty on most frivolous articles. Were *we* never to have a custom-house bother to talk about in the years to come, and to write about in the newspapers present? Or, was it always to be just ahead, never grasped, a Will o' the Wisp? Passports had been demanded at the last station. At Ceprano they awaited us in a shanty, with the Papal stamp already affixed, to be had for the asking and a dime. No more trouble about passport

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V-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

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petual contradiction to the Gospel, by compounding with injustice, and all this to leave to our children what we have received from our fathers, an incurable evil that will destroy the republic and liberty.

Anxieties, regrets, remorse—this is all that will be given by this compromise, which the Democrats glorify in advance, and which they present as a claim to confidence to the misled people whose suffrage they demand. But, however shameful this compromise might be to the North, would the South accept it? I dare affirm that it would not. If General McClellan prevails, this will be his first disenchantment, and the first punishment of his party. An aristocracy few in number, and firmly united, feels its strength, and knows how to choose the favorable moment. What will the election of General McClellan signify, if not that the Democracy is wearied, that its efforts have failed, that it wishes for peace at any price? Everything is extreme in Democracy, weakness as well as strength, self-abandonment as well as heroism. A Democracy that desires war no longer, will accept any conditions, reserving the right of execrating on the morrow those who have misled it. It is certain that the South will profit by this advantage, and that it will seize again in an instant the supremacy which four years of war have caused it to lose. Either it will not return to the Union, or, if it returns, it will be only in appearance, constituting for itself a separate position, proposing the exclusion of New-England, or that strange system of two republics, independent internally, and represented without by the same President; in a word, the sovereignity that will be recognized by treating with it, the South will maintain, and will cause to triumph. The true President of the Union, reconstructed by the Democrats, will not be General McClellan, but Jefferson Davis.

Will the American Democracy suffer itself to be again seduced by a party that for thirty years has always misled it? Is it so much in need of and thirsting for peace that it is ready to sacrifice to it the interest, the honor, the future of the country? Among this people, which for four years has done such great deeds, will the Democrats succeed in gaining a majority that will break with the glorious past, and accept the shame of a compromise? Will it disavow the noble soldiers who, amid their sufferings, ask only to continue the war? And is it about to dismiss Grant, Meade, Sherman, and Farragut, to offer to the admiration of America the patriotism of men resigned in advance to the supremacy of the South, or to separation? If America has come to this, how much has it degenerated! In its history it would find different examples and memories. From 1776 to 1781, what miseries did not the Revolutionists suffer—soldiers without bread and without shoes, a worthless paper currency, towns burned, fields laid waste—yet, notwithstanding, except a handful of Tories whom shame followed even into the grave, who ever proposed to treat with the enemy? The armies of 1864 are neither less brave nor less patriotic than the armies of the Revolution. Success is almost certain, victory assured, and the North is finally on the verge of a glorious peace. And is it

they think they're going to get their burdens off on to my shoulders, they're mistaken. I pay my subscription punctually; that's all I agreed to do; as to the rest, it's not my business."

If a subscription was up for any charitable object Jedediah was very acute in finding out that it was none of his business.

"Subscribe to a town library? No; what do I want of a town library? I'm able to buy all the books I want, and prefer to read my own books."

"But, Mr. Pettisol, think how many of your neighbors are not, and what an excellent thing for them it would be!"

"Well, let them get it; it's none of my business, I'm sure; we've more books than we can ever read, now."

"Mr. Pettisol, we called to see if you would subscribe for a furnace for the church?"

"No. What's the use of a furnace? The stove keeps us comfortable enough."

"Your pew and two or three about it are comfortable, but the galleries, where the poorer people sit, and the pews by the door—in short, half the pews in the house, are very uncomfortable."

"Well, let them that find it so, subscribe. I don't; so it's none of my business."

Now Mr. Pettisol was a very orthodox man, and believed devoutly every one of the five points of Calvinism; and he could set any young minister right in a twinkling, that blundered on them. He kept an austere watch on his new pastor, Mr. Service, whom he suspected somehow of not having precisely the good old ways. "I don't hear you preach the strong old points," he would say: "Divine sovereignty, and election;" and the minister smiled in a manner that Mr. Pettisol wondered at.

"Did you ever hear of this doctrine, Mr. Pettisol? 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others.'"

"That isn't a doctrine," said Mr. Pettisol; "it's a declaration of the Bible."

"Why isn't it a doctrine?" said Mr. Service, and left him.

Mr. Pettisol felt for some time that dull, confused sensation in his brain that is produced by a new idea fumbling at the rusty lock of a very old door. He had been to the sacrament punctually every two months for twenty years. He had supposed himself primed in all the ins and outs of doctrine; and in all this time nobody had ever said such a singular thing to him as this. It confused him, and he put it out of his head. The minister was young and modest; he supposed he had dropped a seed which he hoped would germinate—he did not make allowance for that flock of domestic fowls called old prejudices who make it their business instantly to gobble up all such seeds.

When he thought the seed had germinated, he called on Jedediah, to open a case which lay heavily on his mind, and in which no one in his parish was better able to give him material aid.

There had recently been a factory established in a distant part of his parish, which had brought into the place a large population of young lads and girls, who, as often happens in such cases, seemed to be under very indifferent

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No, I will never believe that a generous nation, which has already more than once astonished Europe by its energy and perseverance, will miserably yield to discouragement, when with a last effort it can crush the rebellion. The hope of the enemies of the great republic will be disappointed. Rejuvenated by victory, strengthened by trial, America will expel slavery from the world, and will give an example still greater than that of the War of Independence. Twice it will have secured the triumph of liberty—political liberty in 1776, civil liberty in 1864. Neither Greece nor Rome have left memories so great.

Old friends of the United States, be not astonished at the warmth of my words. The world is jointly responsible; and the cause of America is that of liberty. So long as there is on the other side of the Atlantic a community of thirty million men, living happily and peacefully under the Government it has chosen, with the laws that it makes itself, liberty will radiate on Europe, as from a shining beacon; America, rid of slavery, will be the country of every ardent soul, of every generous heart. But if liberty is eclipsed in the New World, darkness will ensue in Enrope; and we shall see the work of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and HAMILTON spit upon and trodden under foot, by a school that believes only in strength and success.

This is why we await with impatience the Presidential election, praying God that the name that shall be drawn from the urn may be that of the honest and upright Abraham Lincoln, for this name will be a presage of victory, the triumph of justice and right. To vote for McClellan is to vote for the humiliation of the North, the perpetual maintenance of slavery, and the disruption of the great republic. To vote for Lincoln is to vote for Union and for Liberty. EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

THIS was one of the golden sayings of Jedediah Pettisol. One might think so, at least, by the frequency and emphasis with which it fell from his lips.

Jedediah was reckoned one of the richest men in the village of Needwal. He lived in that great white house you see yonder, with the tufts of lilacs before each of the front windows, the great sugar maples in the grassy yard, the light, neat picket-fences; the large barn so perfectly built, so trimly kept, and surrounded by the well-tended acres of the richest farm of the neighborhood.

Jedediah was reputed a snug, safe man—an excellent manager of money—of which he had laid by an untold store, how much it was difficult to say, but there was a "slow, dry smile" which curled his hard features when the inquiry was made, that stimulated the imagination of the questioner more than the mention of any definite sum.

Jedediah was an excellent householder in all pertaining to his own. His wife lacked for nothing—rustled to church in the stiffest of silks and heaviest of satins, wore an India shawl, and got her bonnets quarterly from New-York, to the great edification of Miss Pewit, the country milliner, and of all her rural neighbors. All Jedediah's sons and daughters walked in brightness, and lived on

"That isn't a doctrine," said Mr. Pettisol; "it's a declaration of the Bible."

"Why isn't it a doctrine?" said Mr. Service, and left him.

Mr. Pettisol felt for some time that dull, confused sensation in his brain that is produced by a new idea fumbling at the rusty lock of a very old door. He had been to the sacrament punctually every two months for twenty years. He had supposed himself primed in all the ins and outs of doctrine; and in all this time nobody had ever said such a singular thing to him as this. It confused him, and he put it out of his head. The minister was young and modest; he supposed he had dropped a seed which he hoped would germinate—he did not make allowance for that flock of domestic fowls called old prejudices who make it their business instantly to gobble up all such seeds.

When he thought the seed had germinated, he called on Jedediah, to open a case which lay heavily on his mind, and in which no one in his parish was better able to give him material aid.

There had recently been a factory established in a distant part of his parish, which had brought into the place a large population of young lads and girls, who, as often happens in such cases, seemed to be under very indifferent moral influences. Sunday was a perfect carnival of unseemly proceedings. The boys marauded through the fields, robbed orchards and melon-patches, and the girls, flaunting in gay dresses and laughing loudly, were often seen in certain dubious coffee-houses, which had sprung up like mushrooms in the neighborhood of the factory.

Mr. Service, with two or three energetic, self-denying men and women of his parish, had ventured into this region and set up a Sabbath-school, and succeeded in producing some interest in better things.

That morning at table Mr. Service said to his wife, "If I only were rich, now, I know what I would do. I'd put up a neat little hall [illegible] and I could draw in ever so many; it might become the nucleus of a church as well as serve for the use of a Sunday-school."

"Well, let's get up a subscription for it," said his wife, "there's Deacon Pettisol owns the land, perhaps he'll give us that."

"I doubt it," said Mr. Service.

"O, yes! only go and talk to him—tell him all about it—he can't refuse."

So that evening Mr. Service called at Mr. Pettisol's, and was cordially received; some fine pears and grapes were offered to him in the best front parlor, and Mrs. Pettisol and Mr. Pettisol were delighted to see him.

He told his story.

"I hardly see what call you have to meddle with that factory population," said Mr. Pettisol "If I mistake not, the factory stands the other side of the town line, and it's the business of Smith & Simons to provide such things, if anybody. Why don't you go to them?"

"I have been to them, and they are mere money-making men of the world, and don't care for *any* thing of the sort."

"Well, then," said Jedediah, "I believe the factory, in point of fact, stands in Mr. Brown's parish."

"Perhaps in mere point of geography, the line may run this side of the factory, but in point of fact the the people are much nearer to us than to him. *The* fact is, Mr. Pettisol, it is for our interest to take care of this population, or they will corrupt the state of morals among us. These roving, idle young men and boys, many of them bright and active, will be leading away the boys of this parish; even now the Sabbath is dreadfully profaned among us."

"I'll risk my children," said Mr. Pettisol. "I can't cut down all the dockweed in my neigborhood, or clear off all the caterpillars from my neighbor's trees, but I can keep the weeds off my own farm."

"I doubt it," said Mr. Service; "but if you could, it would be less work to cut down one stalk of dockweed, green in your neighbor's field, than to hoe up a thousand young docks after the wind had seeded your farm with them. If any one would have made it their business to clear the caterpillars off the wild cherry-tree at the head of the street, you would have saved two days' work in your orchards about."

"I know that," said Mr. Pettisol; "but I ain't going to do other people's work. That tree stands on Jim Stenton's ground, and if he don't attend to it, I ain't going to do it for him, I'm sure."

"Not if it fills every tree of your orchard with caterpillars," said Mr. Service.

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place appropriated
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said Mr. Service.
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TO PERSEVER

A D

WE copy from an a
by Rev. LEONARD J.
ton, Mass., the followi
the ring of firmness
the heroes of 1776. T
day and hour:

First, then, in any g
for good reasons, reaso
of religious duty, we
Whether we succeed
Ours is to do our dut
struggle, if we began i
reasons, we are sharin
ence of mankind in a
good thing that has

ished Europe by its energy and perseverance, will miserably yield to discouragement, when with a last effort it can crush the rebellion. The hope of the enemies of the great republic will be disappointed. Rejuvenated by victory, strengthened by trial, America will expel slavery from the world, and will give an example still greater than that of the War of Independence. Twice it will have secured the triumph of liberty—political liberty in 1776, civil liberty in 1864. Neither Greece nor Rome have left memories so great.

Old friends of the United States, be not astonished at the warmth of my words. The world is jointly responsible; and the cause of America is that of liberty. So long as there is on the other side of the Atlantic a community of thirty million men, living happily and peacefully under the Government it has chosen, with the laws that it makes itself, liberty will radiate on Europe, as from a shining beacon; America, rid of slavery, will be the country of every ardent soul, of every generous heart. But if liberty is eclipsed in the New World, darkness will ensue in Enrope; and we shall see the work of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and HAMILTON spit upon and trodden under foot, by a school that believes only in strength and success.

This is why we await with impatience the Presidential election, praying God that the name that shall be drawn from the urn may be that of the honest and upright Abraham Lincoln, for this name will be a presage of victory, the triumph of justice and right. To vote for McClellan is to vote for the humiliation of the North, the perpetual maintenance of slavery, and the disruption of the great republic. To vote for Lincoln is to vote for Union and for Liberty. EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

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But to all that was not *his*, to everybody not his own, to every one's cares, wants, outside the circle of his own, Jedediah had one short, golden saying:

"It's None of My Business."

Jedediah was a proper, church-going man—nay, a church-member, and being a church-member, his townsmen thought the least they could do for a man of such substance and admirable management was to make him a deacon.

They hoped thereby, in a measure, to bring the affairs of the church into the charmed circle which he called his own. They were much mistaken. He was too shrewd for them. "If seen in certain dubious coffee-houses, which had sprung up like mushrooms in the neighborhood of the factory.

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"Mr. Pettisol," said Mr. Service, "have you thought any of that doctrine I spoke to you about?"

"What doctrine, sir?"

"'Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others.' What do you think of that doctrine? It's in the Bible, as plain as the doctrine of election."

At this point Mr. Pettisol began to have secret doubts of the validity of Paul's epistles; but he did not venture to assert them in so many words, so he passed the grape dish again to his minister, and said:

"I trust I am always ready to do my duty in my own field. But I believe in *order*, sir, order; in every one sticking to his business. Now we have engaged you, sir, to attend to us—keep up our preaching, and weekly lecture, and prayer-meeting, and really, sir, I don't see how you can burden yourself with this work without taking the strength you need for your main business."

"Mr. Pettisol," said Mr. Service, "I do not consider myself in the light of a man hired to take care of you, *merely;* I am the servant and shepherd of Christ, and my duty is to all wan-

[ORIGINAL.]

Lines for an Album,

TO

Miss L. J. N.

—:—

FAIR GIRL:

If thou wert but some summer fairy lake,
On which the sun beams ever love to play,
Could I my every smile, a sunbeam make,
On thee, dear one, to shed its loving ray,
Methinks like gold that lake would ever glitter,
And I, poor soul, be ever in a titter.

Who can imagine a picture so enchanting?
The willows bending low to kiss the wave,
Thy gentle breast all ripples, as though panting
With fond delight, as you their branches lave.
I wish myself a willow, and like Pat. Machone,
When he was hit, exclaim, "*lave me alone!*"

The very flowers would tremble with delight
When they beheld thee; bees would pause to rest;
The twittering birds would cease their airy flight
And in the water-lilies build their nests.
While little boys would always be a wishing
Their anxious Ma's would let them go a fishing.

And when the storms of Autumn come, which ever
Cause thy bosom to fiercely beat with pain,
I'd melt the rude winds to a gentle zephyr,
And tranquil pleasure should with us remain.
But one thing more, my love, I'd have it taught her,
I'd not have the lake of "Bensley Water."

P. S.

I've laid aside my pen, and now will men—*tion**
I think my friends will choose for me a pen—sion.

Yours truly,

O. FIDDLE D. D.

---

* The author has no intention of *tion*-ing the ladies.

There is Lowell who thinks his great
fault is the pack
Of what he calls "isms" tied ah on
his back
(A misprint for "prisms", no doubt,
for you'll find
The prismatic spectrum's the cast
of his mind
Whose colors are true – but not
clearly defined.)
He's often profuse – or to take a
new figure –
He will run to leaf when the fruit
needs his vigor!
Yet his leaves when they're plucked
have a spice all their own

like the clover's perfume when the
meadow is mown.
His style is tentative — that is — he's
not made
up his mind which was best of
the last he essayed.
But he's shown us in Biglow (his
very best bit)
How every real Yankee is two thirds
a wit
And one third a poet, whose creative
scope
Ranges freely from nutmegs to
~~Hasbrouck~~ complete of Pope;
And the soul that carves oats
out of olive pegs may still

Like Heliogabulus gild them at will

And they serve (just observe how our Yankee surpasses) for Yankee ingenuity never beggars us,

Not as victual ~~fodder~~ for horses but ~~food~~ Oyster for Pegasus.

He States the grim Stern laws in
Somnambulic trance, —
Then jumps up to clap off a
Harlequin dance
In the rig of a Yankee, but
the drawl of the clown
Gives righteousness flavor for the bar
of the town.

Observe how he beats Halibuton all hollow,
For he places Sam Slick to the tripod of Apollo
Where he whittles & whistles, as if in an office light,
But when the wind comes, breaks out into mother wit
For the world will confess that old Sam-Sifter Bullum
Was blind as a Seer to the Horsees of Sodom.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales & dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft & slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare & rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens & herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill
For thou, O Lord! art with me still.
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Here,—"Forgive me, Apollo," I cried, "while I pour
My heart out to my birth-place: O, loved more and more
Dear Baystate, from whose rocky bosom thy sons
Should suck milk, strong-will-giving, brave, such as runs
In the veins of old Graylock,—who is it that dares
Call thee pedler, a soul wrapt in bank-books and shares?
It is false! She's a Poet! I see, as I write,
Along the far railroad the steam-snake glide white,
The cataract-throb of her mill-hearts I hear,
The swift strokes of trip-hammers weary my ear,
Sledges ring upon anvils, through logs the saw screams,
Blocks swing up to their place, beetles drive home the beams:—
It is songs such as these that she croons to the din
Of her fast-flying shuttles, year out and year in,
While from earth's farthest corner there comes not a breeze
But wafts her the buzz of her gold-gleaning bees:
What though those horn hands have as yet found small time
For painting and sculpture and music and rhyme?
These will come in due order, the need that pressed sorest
Was to vanquish the seasons, the ocean, the forest,
To bridle and harness the rivers, the steam,
Making that whirl her mill-wheels, this tug in her team,
To vassalize old tyrant Winter, and make
Him delve surlily for her on river and lake;—
When this New World was parted, she strove not to shirk
Her lot in the heirdom, the tough, silent Work,

The hero-share ever, from Herakles down
To Odin, the Earth's iron sceptre and crown;
Yes, thou dear, noble Mother! if ever men's praise
Couid be claimed for creating heroical lays,
Thou hast won it; if ever the laurel divine
Crowned the Maker and Builder, that glory is thine!
Thy songs are right epic, they tell how this rude
Rock-rib of our earth here was tamed and subdued;
Thou hast written them plain on the face of the planet
In brave, deathless letters of iron and granite;
Thou hast printed them deep for all time; they are set
From the same runic type-fount and alphabet
With thy stout Berkshire hills and the arms of thy Bay,—
They are staves from the burly old Mayflower lay.
If the drones of the Old World, in querulous ease,
Ask thy Art and thy Letters, point proudly to these,
Or, if they deny these are Letters and Art,
Toil on with the same old invincible heart;
Thou art rearing the pedestal broad-based and grand
Whereon the fair shapes of the Artist shall stand,
And creating, through labors undaunted and long,
The true theme for all Sculpture and Painting and Song!

"But my good mother Baystate wants no praise of mine,
She learned from *her* mother a precept divine
About something that butters no parsnips, her *forte*

In another direction lies, work is her sport,
(Though she'll curtsey and set her cap straight, that she will,
If you talk about Plymouth and one Bunker's hill.)
The dear, notable goodwife! by this time of night,
Her hearth is swept clean, and her fire burning bright,
And she sits in a chair (of home plan and make) rocking,
Musing much, all the while, as she darns on a stocking,
Whether turkeys will come pretty high next Thanksgiving,
Whether flour 'll be so dear, for, as sure as she's living,
She will use rye-and-injun then, whether the pig
By this time ain't got pretty tolerable big,
And whether to sell it outright will be best,
Or to smoke hams and shoulders and salt down the rest,—
At this minute, she'd swop all my verses, ah, cruel!
For the last patent stove that is saving of fuel;
So I'll just let Apollo go on, for his phiz
Shows I've kept him awaiting too long as it is."



"If our friend, there, who seems a reporter, is through
With his burst of emotion, our theme we'll pursue,"
Said Apollo; some smiled, and, indeed, I must own
There was something sarcastic, perhaps, in his tone;—

"There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit;

In long poems 'tis painful sometimes and invites
A thought of the way the new Telegraph writes,
Which pricks down its little sharp sentences spitefully
As if you got more than you'd title to rightfully,
And if it were hoping its wild father Lightning
Would flame in for a second and give you a fright'ning.
He has perfect sway of what *I* call a sham metre,
But many admire it, the English hexameter,
And Campbell, I think, wrote most commonly worse,
With less nerve, swing, and fire in the same kind of verse,
Nor e'er achieved aught in't so worthy of praise
As the tribute of Holmes to the grand *Marseillaise*.
You went crazy last year over Bulwer's New Timon ;—
Why, if B., to the day of his dying, should rhyme on,
Heaping verses on verses and tomes upon tomes,
He could ne'er reach the best point and vigor of Holmes.
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satyric
In so kindly a measure, that nobody knows
What to do but e'en join in the laugh, friends and foes.

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching

Their sons for the rice-swamps, at so much a head,
And their daughters for—faugh! thirty mothers of Gracchi:
Non-resistants who gave many a spiritual black-eye:
Eight true friends of their kind, one of whom was a jailor:
Four captains almost as astounding as Taylor:
Two dozen of Italy's exiles who shoot us his
Kaisership daily, stern pen-and-ink Brutuses,
Who, in Yankee back-parlors, with crucified smile,*
Mount serenely their country's funereal pile:
Ninety-nine Irish heroes, ferocious rebellers
'Gainst the Saxon in cis-marine garrets and cellars,
Who shake their dread fists o'er the sea and all that,—
As long as a copper drops into the hat:
Nine hundred Teutonic republicans stark
From Vaterland's battles just won—in the Park,
Who the happy profession of martyrdom take
Whenever it gives them a chance at a steak:
Sixty-two second Washingtons: two or three Jacksons:
And so many everythings else that it racks one's
Poor memory too much to continue the list,
Especially now they no longer exist;—
I would merely observe that you 've taken to giving
The puffs that belong to the dead to the living,
And that somehow your trump-of-contemporary-doom's tones
Is tuned after old dedications and tombstones."—

* Not forgetting their tea and their toast, though, the while

Here the critic came in and a thistle presented*—
From a frown to a smile the god's features relented,
As he stared at his envoy, who, swelling with pride,
To the god's asking look, nothing daunted, replied,
"You're surprised, I suppose, I was absent so long,
But your godship respecting the lilies was wrong;
I hunted the garden from one end to t'other,
And got no reward but vexation and bother,
Till, tossed out with weeds in a corner to wither,
This one lily I found and made haste to bring hither."

"Did he think I had given him a book to review?
I ought to have known what the fellow would do,"
Muttered Phœbus aside, "for a thistle will pass
Beyond doubt for the queen of all flowers with an ass;
He has chosen in just the same way as he'd choose
His specimens out of the books he reviews;
And now, as this offers an excellent text,
I'll give 'em some brief hints on criticism next."
So, musing a moment, he turned to the crowd,
And, clearing his voice, spoke as follows aloud,—

"My friends, in the happier days of the muse,
We were luckily free from such things as reviews;

* Turn back now to page—goodness only knows what,
And take a fresh hold on the thread of my plot.

Then naught came between with its fog to make clearer
The heart of the poet to that of his hearer;
Then the poet brought heaven to the people, and they
Felt that they, too, were poets in hearing his lay;
Then the poet was prophet, the past in his soul
Pre-created the future, both parts of one whole;
Then for him there was nothing too great or too small,
For one natural deity sanctified all;
Then the bard owned no clipper and meter of moods
Save the spirit of silence that hovers and broods
O'er the seas and the mountains, the rivers and woods;
He asked not earth's verdict, forgetting the clods,
His soul soared and sang to an audience of gods;
'Twas for them that he measured the thought and the line,
And shaped for their vision the perfect design,
With as glorious a foresight, a balance as true,
As swung out the worlds in the infinite blue;
Then a glory and greatness invested man's heart,
The universal, which now stands estranged and apart,
In the free individual moulded, was Art;
Then the forms of the Artist seemed thrilled with desire
For something as yet unattained, fuller, higher,
As once with her lips, lifted hands, and eyes listening,
And her whole upward soul in her countenance glistening,
Eurydice stood—like a beacon unfired,
Which, once touchd with flame, will leap heav'nward inspired—

And waited with answering kindle to mark
The first gleam of Orpheus that pained the red Dark ;
Then painting, song, sculpture, did more than relieve
The need that men feel to create and believe,
And as, in all beauty, who listens with love,
Hears these words oft repeated—'beyond and above,'
So these seemed to be but the visible sign
Of the grasp of the soul after things more divine ;
They were ladders the Artist erected to climb
O'er the narrow horizon of space and of time,
And we see there the footsteps by which men had gained
To the one rapturous glimpse of the never-attained,
As shepherds could erst sometimes trace in the sod
The last spurning print of a sky-cleaving god.

"But now, on the poet's dis-privacied moods
With *do this* and *do that* the pert critic intrudes ;
While he thinks he's been barely fulfilling his duty
To interpret 'twixt men and their own sense of beauty,
And has striven, while others sought honor or pelf,
To make his kind happy as he was himself,
He finds he's been guilty of horrid offences
In all kinds of moods, numbers, genders, and tenses ;
He's been *ob* and *sub*jective, what Kettle calls Pot,
Precisely, at all events, what he ought not,

THE following grand and inspiring lyric, one of the noblest that the war has called forth from any poet, has been sent to us for publication.

TO CANAAN!

A SONG OF THE SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND.*

Where are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun and sword?
We're marching South to Canaän
To battle for the Lord!
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?
The Mighty One of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts!
To Canaän, to Canaän
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls
The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry
Along the sea and shore?
The same our grandsires lifted up,—
The same our fathers bore!
In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain,—
What God has woven in his loom
Let no man rend in twain!
To Canaän, to Canaän
The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel towers
The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades?
These are the swarthy bondsmen,—
The iron-skin brigades!
They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
They'll scoop out rebels' graves;
Who then will be their owner
And march them off for slaves?
To Canaän, to Canaän
The Lord has led us forth,
To strike upon the captive's chain
The hammers of the North!

What song is this you're singing?
The same that Israel sung
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung!
To Canaän! To Canaän!
The priests and maidens cried;
To Canaän! To Canaän!
The people's voice replied.
To Canaän, to Canaän
The Lord has led us forth,
To thunder through its adder dens,
The anthems of the North!

When Canaän's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat,
What follows next in order?
—— The Lord will see to that!
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—
We'll build the people's throne,—
When half the world is Freedom's
Then all the world's our own!
To Canaän, to Canaän
The Lord has led us forth
To sweep the rebel threshing floors,
A whirlwind from the North!

* See Numbers I, 45, 46.

nscri

.....SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS

RE THE BATTLE. The correspondent of
York World, who dates his letter from
Court House, Va., August 8, thus de-
he condition of affairs in our army im-
ly before the battle on the Rapid Ann:
two armies which now stand menacingly
to one another must soon come into col-
Both are mustering their forces for the
which it is easy to predict cannot be
nger delayed. On our own side there are
igns of activity which foreshadow an im-
struggle, and the enemy are likewise full
ustle of preparation. It is impossible to
t new aspect may delay the progress of
but the present indications point most
o an early opening of hostilities. The
likely to come within ten days, and may
oner. Pope or Jackson will have to re-
m their present position soon. The con-
en it comes, will be a severe one. Both
re large and not far unequal in numbers.
, with his own command united to that
street and Ewell, is receiving constant re-
nents from Richmond, while Pope is in-
his power by the accession of regiments
by the new levies.
seless to be over confident of success.
reliance in the General commanding, we
d to say that it is not impossible that we
outnumbered and driven back. Not a
ll be left unturned by the rebels to pre-
from capturing so important a position as
ville. Every available man is being
n the scale by Jackson. Three hundred
cents from the hospital at Charlottesville
n called out to swell his numbers. Every
t can be safely released from Richmond is
nt forward, and trains are daily bringing
There are concentrated at Louisa Court
l Gordonsville a number not less than
There is a general feeling of confidence
ny respecting the result of the impend-
ct.
past experiences have led us not to be im-
ly hopeful. Jackson may after all re-
and give a very threatening look toward
ton. We hope for better and more grat-
sults, but are also anxious that the North
anifest an activity in enlistments which
re than counterbalance the energy which
is exhibiting in throwing even the slight-
ntages which he can avail himself of into
s of the next decisive battle at Gordons-
must be remembered that the advanta-
e enemy in their superior knowledge of
ry and their facilities

"ONE OF
the matter
Would-b
back.
S.—Wea
W.—Yes
can't marc
S.—Yes
"Upon
——————,
who shrin
he will be
run away

W.—(Ha
you sir. I k
This rebellion
put down. It
energy of the
(Here read
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FROM SA
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News fr
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THE N

A Grecian mourner.

Morning in the tropics

Ah gentle mother
Would that thou were here
To see these glorious usherings of the morn
To stand upon a cliff while yet the sky
With somber curtains of the night is hung
And see their heavy folds swayed to and fro
And gently parted with the breath of morn—
To trace the gleams of light that float around
Like milky vanes in marble dark and cold—
To watch the stars that spangle all the sky
And see them glimmer pale, and die away
Drowned in the light that bathes the coming day

Dear Mother:

As I gaze upon the stars
I think about my angel brother there;
That little bud that faded ere its leaves
Had opened to the sunlight of thy love.
We dreamed of future years when he should share
Our sports and pleasures, but an angel came
And took him from our love to bloom in Heaven
I chose a star and love to think it him;
And when the silent summer evenings come
I watch it as it brightens in the sky,
All dripping with the evening dew, that falls
Like pearls of spotless purity from Heaven.
When evening dews have quenched the light of day,
It is the first to sparkle in the shade,
The last to fade away when dawn appears.

And all the while it seems to awaken us here,
And smile on us and our happy home.
Morn breaks!
And like a goblet filled with wine,
Spills crimson blushes on the purple clouds
Till all their dreamy depths seem filled with blood
Up to the golden lustre of their brim
Anon in blushing haste the sun appears
And with the arch of heaven for a bow,
Shoots golden arrows - at the rosy cheeks
Of clouds all smiling as the joyous morn -
That - suddenly pearce and rend them through and through.
And then Oh then! the morning air seems filled
With shattered rain-bows, and with sparkling gems
Gently descending like a gorgeous dream
To melt upon the bosom of the rose.
And drops of dew all fragrant - from the sky,
And radient - as the angels' tears of joy.
Fall thick and fast - a shower of jewels rare,
Great burning rubies set in frosted gold.
The vapory wreaths upon the mountain's brow
Are broken into fragments - down the sides
They roll their tenderous bulks of snowy mist -
Like ghosts of avalanches -
Little flakes [illegible]
Of sunlight - now are hastening to anoint -
Their lofty, grey and naked heads; and hang
A crown of gold upon the mountain's brow.
Now like a silvery serpent - [illegible] slowly creeps

The unwinding river through the slumbering vale,
With glistening scales set thick upon its back
It creeps and coils among the waving trees
Till they have twined their branches over it—
Then mid the autumn bluches and the leaves
It wanders off and disappears from view
All nature smiles with joy — the very weeds
Are trembling with delight — and all the vale
Seems like a billowy sea of verdure.
While here and there, just peeping o'er the tops,
The leafless branches of a withered tree
Shoot like the sprigs of coral from the deep.
The palm trees with their tufts of feathery leaves
Thick hung with pendant-jewels, till they bend
Like autumn branches over filled with fruit,
Their plumed heads toss wildly in the air;
And dash their weight of cristal drops below
Upon the beds of moss about their roots.
Oh, who can tell the glories of the morn
When angels loosen all the bolts and bars,
And open wide the flood-gates of the sky,
To deluge all the earth with Heavenly light.

Thus morning are
Like flashing diamonds and glittering gems
Set in the golden circle of the years
Oh, God!
We owe a debt of gratitude to thee
For all thy blessings, but a greater debt
For this thy greatest blessing do we owe;

For while the earth still slumbered in the night-
Then spake the blessed words—
"Let there be light-"

"Adopted Poem"

Poetry

from

Thomas Starr King papers.

Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho! workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather!
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manner!
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!

Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamor.
Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling;
For you, the dizzy goat-herd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;
For you, round all her shepherd homes,
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
On moated mound or heather,
Where'er the need of trampled right
Brought toiling men together;
Where the free burghers from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master,
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,
No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride—
Ye heed no idle scorner;
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
And duty done, your honor.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,

The jury Time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman;
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
It treads your well-wrought leather,
On earthen floor, in marble halls,
On carpet, or on heather.
Still there the sweetest charm is found
Of matron grace or vestal's,
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
Among the old celestials!

Rap! rap!—your stout and bluff brogan,
With footsteps slow and weary,
May wander where the sky's blue span
Shuts down upon the prairie.
On Beauty's foot, your slippers glance,
By Saratoga's fountains,
Or twinkle down the summer dance
Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming—
"All honor to the good old Craft,
Its merry men and women!"
Call out again your long array,
In the old time's pleasant manner;
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out his blazoned banner!

THE DROVERS.

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and sun,
Still onward cheerly driving!
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.
But see! the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us;
The white fog of the way-side pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.
The landlord beckons from his door,
His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns, with feed in store,
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
By brows of rugged mountains;
From hill-sides where, through spongy moss,
Gush out the river fountains;
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,
And bright with blooming clover;
From vales of corn the wandering crow
No richer hovers over;

Watts.

I tried to write a hymn one night
But never Muse came nigh me,
Each sister of the tuneful Nine
Persistent seemed to fly me;
I racked my brain, but all in vain
My attempts kept proving flatter
Until I turned to thee, O Watts!
And then found 'Watts, the matter.

Insatiate Archer, them, of hymns!
Would not one flight content thee?
But them must twang the selfsame string
With every shaft that sent thee;—
The Mark once hit — why fill the book
With such poor ~~stuff~~ stuff as this is?
As folks keep targets just to show
How clever were their misses!

I wonder, in this mundane Sphere
When thou thy sweet-heart courted
What was thy metric length, wherein
thy tale of love disported:
If Children ere ~~around~~ to thy knee
Their little forms would press on
Well knowing that one "busy bee"
Would sting 'em with its leave.'

Stern Christian, blame them not also think
Though thou mayst sing sincere -
The faith and Heaven that thou dost praise
May still be sung too clearly!-
Bear with these souls, whose deepest sense
Forbid the lips confession
As poets know their sweetest thoughts
Can never find expression.'

THE WOODRUFF

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION

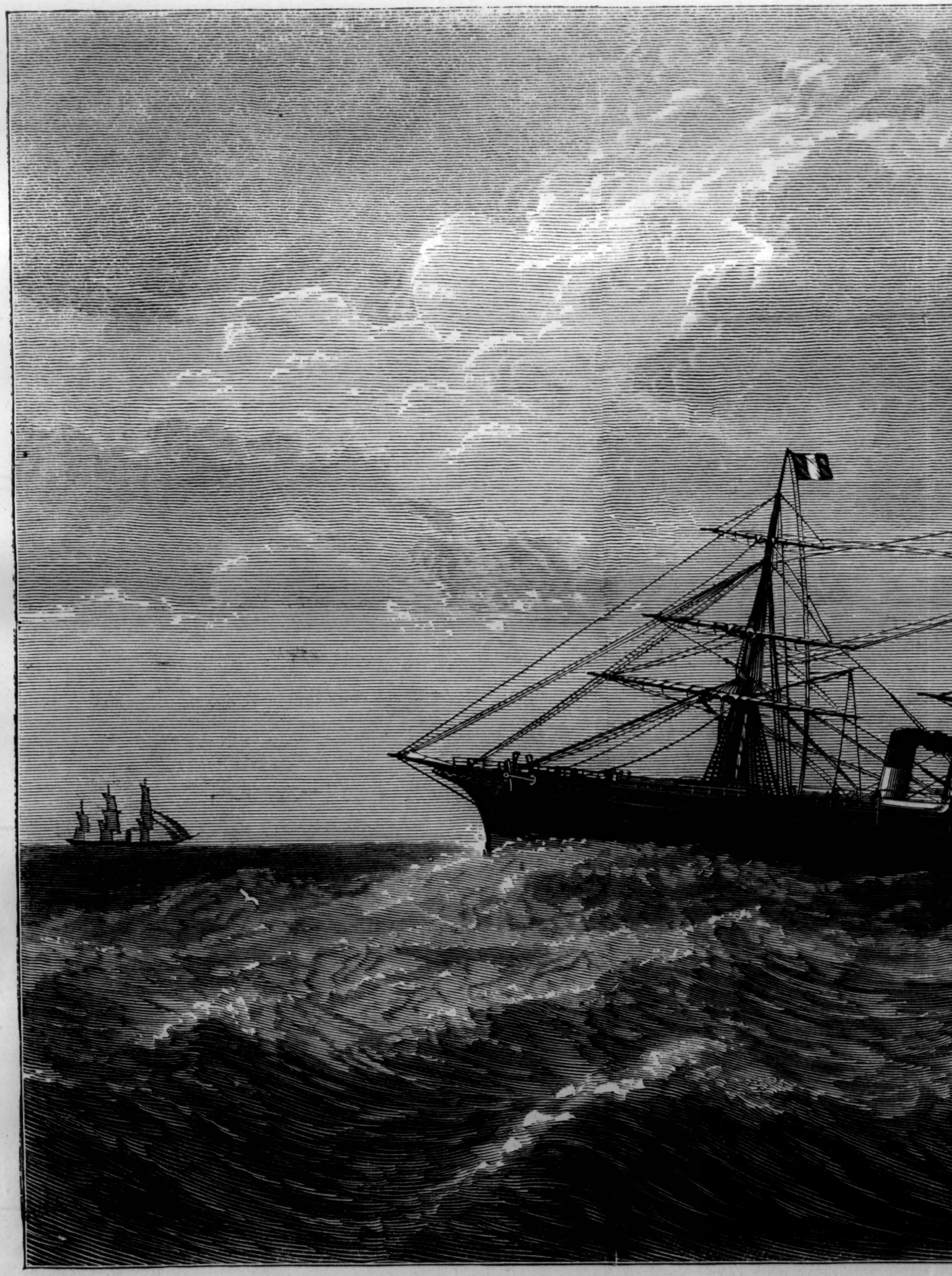
AROUND THE WORLD.

1877-79.

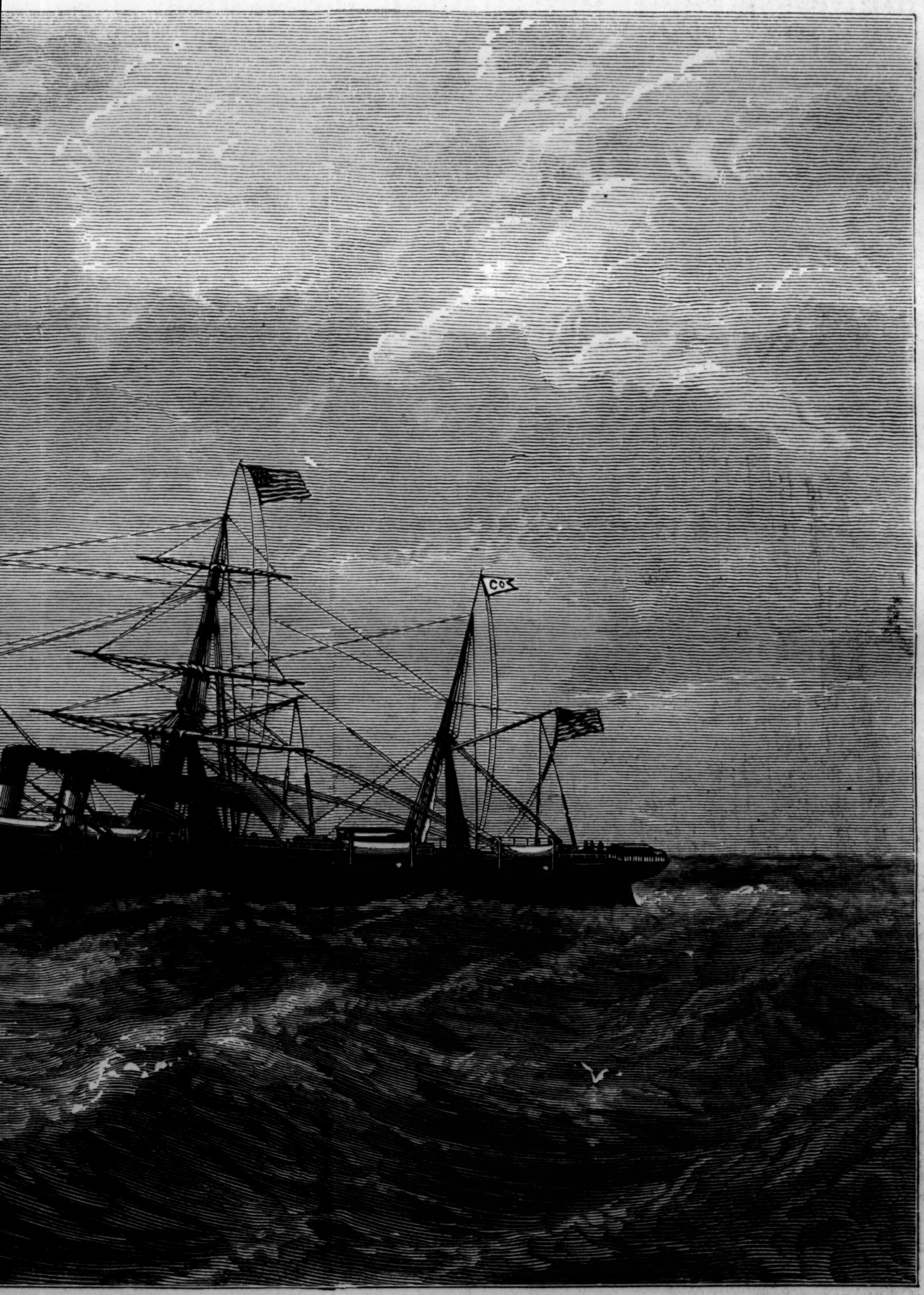
HEADQUARTERS,

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,

New York.



THE WOODRUFF EXPEDITION



ION STEAMSHIP "ONTARIO."

THE WOODRUFF

Scientific Expedition around the World.

FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

TERMS.

Twenty-five hundred dollars ($2,500), payable as follows, viz., one thousand dollars before sailing, the balance at the rate of $500, at intervals of six months.

SYNOPSIS.

THE PURPOSE.—The expedition is organized to visit points of interest, on a route around the world, to study the arts, archæology, and present condition of the better-known countries, and the geology, geography, fauna and flora, the history and character of the people of those less known.

THE SHIP.—The thoroughly well-built and commodious steamship "Ontario" has been purchased. She is considered one of the strongest and largest wooden vessels afloat, has four decks, and is nearly 400 feet long. The "Ontario" is almost a new ship, has a flush deck her whole length, and will be found a comfortable and convenient vessel for such an expedition.

DEPARTURE.—The 25th of October, 1877, has been fixed as the date of sailing.

THE VOYAGE.—The expedition will be absent two years, and will afford opportunity for seeing the greater part of the world.

THE ROUTE.—Various places of interest in the following countries will be visited, including inland expeditions to points of importance: West India Islands, the Amazon, Brazil, La Plata, Valparaiso, Oceanica, Japan, China, Philippine Islands, Borneo, Java, India, Persian Gulf, Red Sea, Arabia, Suez, the Nile, Holy Land, Greece, Sicily, Italy, France, Spain, England, etc. (For full details and map of route, *see* Pamphlet.)

OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION.—*Director*, JAMES O. WOODRUFF, Esq.; *Secretary*, General DANIEL MACAULEY.

OFFICERS OF THE SHIP.—*Commander*, JOHN W. PHILIP, U. S. N.; *Lieutenant* C. T. HUTCHINS, U. S. N., *Lieutenant* W. W RHOADES, U. S. N., *Lieutenant* F. A. MILLER, U. S. N.; *Surgeon*, J. H. KIDDER, U. S. N., W. J. HERDMAN, M. D., A. D. DOUGLAS, *Chief Engineer*, with a full complement of petty officers and crew.

FACULTY.—Prof. BURT G. WILDER, M. D.; Prof. ALBERT SCHAFTER, LL. D.; Prof. W. L. B. JENNEY, C. E.; Prof. ARTHUR F. TAYLOR, Ph. D.; Prof. W. J. HERDMAN, M. A., M. D.; Dr. JEROME H. KIDDER; Dr. R. W. CORWIN; Miss L. M. REED, B. S.; Prof. I. C. RUSSELL, M. S.,; C. HART MERRIAM, Commander JOHN W. PHILIP, Lieutenant C. T. HUTCHINS, Lieutenant W. W. RHOADES, Lieutenant A. F. MILLER, FRANCIS LE BARON, ROLLAND M. BARBOUR, General DANIEL MACAULEY, and other able professors and assistants.

INSTRUCTION.—A systematic course of instruction will be arranged, to consist of lectures on all subjects that can be studied with advantage on an expedition of this character, and special instruction to those not so far advanced.

The course of instruction, or any part of it, will, of course, be optional.

INLAND EXCURSIONS.—The sum of $30,000 is placed in the hands of the Faculty, to defray expense of inland educational excursions.

TRUSTEES AND FINANCE.—For the guardianship and protection of the interests of the expedition, and all engaged in it, a Board of Trustees has been formed, consisting of the following gentlemen—five in number: Prof. Burt G. Wilder, Commander John W. Philip, U. S. N., Prof. William J. Herdman, General Daniel Macauley, and Prof. W. L. B. Jenney. They will examine the ship, her equipment, outfit, and supplies, and determine their quality and quantity. They will hold the charter of the ship until her return, and have exclusive possession *and control of all funds* of the expedition derived from students' fees, which will be paid over by them, *after* the accomplishment of the business steps of the Expedition, *and cannot be used, in any sense, for preliminary outlays.*

FULL DETAILS OF THE EXPEDITION.—A descriptive pamphlet has been published, giving full details and much valuable information respecting the expedition. It will be forwarded on application.

GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION.—The expedition has the countenance and approval of the different members of the National Government.

LETTERS OF APPROVAL.—The following gentlemen have favored the expedition by writing letters of approval: Hon. R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy; Prof. John S. Newberry, Columbia College; Prof. Joseph Henry, Smithsonian Institution; President Noah Porter, Yale College; Prof. Asa Gray, Harvard; Prof. James D. Dana, Yale; Prof. D. C. Eaton, Yale; Prof. A. E. Verrill, Yale; Prof. G. J. Brush, Yale; Acting President William C. Russell, Cornell; Governor James D. Williams, Ind.; Hon. John E. Neff, Secretary of State, Ind.; Prof. E. T. Cox, State Geologist of Indiana; President James B. Angell, University of Michigan; President M. B. Anderson, Rochester.

NOTE.—*September* 6, 1877. The management have the pleasure to state that a most excellent class of gentlemen, with whom any applicant would be pleased to associate, has already joined the expedition, and, as the list is fast closing up, early application is necessary to secure well-selected state-rooms.

Headquarters, ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York.

DANIEL MACAULEY, Secretary.

Boston, Oct. 1st, 1877.

My dear Sir,

I have read with great delight and admiration the programme of your proposed "Expedition Around the World." Would that I were twenty years' younger in order that I might enroll myself on your privileged list! It seems to me that your plan contemplates a college afloat, - a Kindergarten School-Ship on a colossal scale. It is the most comprehensive scheme of education yet devised for quickening the love of knowledge, multiplying

its materials, intensifying its enthusiasm, and enlarging its scope. The problem of "Work and Play" has satisfactorily solved. There never was a happier conception of associating instruction with recreation, the pursuit of knowledge with the pursuit of health, the union of good teaching with daily experience. There can be no doubt that all intelligent persons have now come to the conclusion that education, in its vital sense, consists ~~in handling the facts~~

in teaching pupils to see and handle facts for themselves. Agassiz said that he could do nothing with his pupils in geography until he carried them to a hill or a mountain, where he might teach them practically something about hills, rivers and lakes; and it needless to say that, when he undertook to train observers of Nature, he subjected them to all the tests which are the conditions of accurate observation. The trouble with ordinary travellers, who are not

My dear Sir, Mr. Woodruff

I have read with great delight and admiration the programme of your proposed "Expedition Around the World". It appears to me the most comprehensive plan of education yet devised for quickening the love of knowledge, multiplying its materials, intensifying its enthusiasm, and enlarging its scope. The problem of combining "Work and Play" seems to me to be therein satisfactorily solved. There never was a happier conception of ~~association~~ associating instruction with recreation, the pursuit of health

with the parasite of knowledge, teaching with the positive experience of the ~~subject~~ object of teaching. Your expedition is a College afloat, - a Kindergarten school-ship, on the largest scale, ever attempted, - an excursion round the world with competent professors to teach the pupils the inexorable conditions of accurate observation, and to train them into good observers. There is no condition of life in which these young men may hereafter exercise their activity, in which the lessons

of this voyage will not place them far ahead of the ordinary run of young men who have what is called "a liberal education". Not only in the different branches of science will their superiority be manifest but in whatever business, literary or artistic avocation they may hereafter choose, the ~~fact~~ fact that they have landed facts at first hand will give them the "power" that comes from real "knowledge".

As he himself said of
Samuel Deyte - his boy
Statement was argument; his
inference seemed "demonstration."

Miscellany
from
Thomas Starr King Papers.

Notes on
the
Epistle to the
Romans.

Epistle

to

The

Romans.

Paul's mind must be regarded from the point of Pharisaic Education. Pharisaism, a fall away from Judaism of old Testament, Sod the Critic, the Czar.

Paul's soul — a fossil between two Strata: its lower side showing imprint of Rabbinism its upper bearing impress of Christ. —

Rhetorical Character of the Epistle. Great importance of this view. Generally, as to principles of interpretation. For a Controlling rhetorical purpose affects use of language, limits force of swelling terms &c &c.

For instance, in first chapter fundamental question is — did Paul sit down coolly, meditatively to depict sinfulness of Gentiles + God's wrath towards them, just as a ground + proof of Eternal punishment + total depravity — or was he seeking in the fact that God governs Gentiles morally, + had revealed his law to them in Conscience, a proof that

Jewish Exclusiveness must be condemned, & also that Gospel in its common message to G & P. only fulfils former polity wh. includes all nations.

So in Ch. 2. in the bill & indictment agst Jews, does he condemn or seek to condemn human nature as utterly depraved, or rather does he not show that Jews can have no claims to exclusive favor on covenant-grounds since they have broken covenant, violated their side of it, & must not plead its privilege agst Gentiles as a barrier to full fraternity in Christ Church. —

If there had been no controversy between G. & P. no question as to privilege of race, the scheme of Romans would have been unnecessary. The Central doctrine is that God shows mercy to man through Christ & calls him to deeper life, through principle of faith. The Judaic Controversy & the friction of parties, elicited the rhetorical-dogmatics of the book. They are temporal. Useless now. Except as kindling up the over imagination the power & richness in Paul's mind of the Central principle of Justifying faith. — If there had been no such controversy

the Statements about Abraham & Adam & Equality of guilt of J & G before God's law, & the law as a condemning voice would not have been needed. Doctrine of faith would have been Enforced & applied in positive & practical ways. —

We must see that the Epistle is steeped in the passions & hues of that Controversy. Struggle everywhere for grasp of universal Principle in government of God that justify the breadth & unnationalness of Christ, shame the Jews for not seeing & accepting it gladly, & quicken the life alw.

It is argued that the 3d
Ch. towards close, teaches
that the faith wh. justifies &
brings Gods favor, is in Sac-
rificial blood of Jesus. But
thus can reconciliation be
found. We say it means
faith in God. taking hold
of God & Soul in filial con-
fidence, a living tendril
of ivy's life. — The argu-
ment of youth Ch. proves
this new. For Paul but
traces his theory by case
of Abraham whose faith,
the Hebrew was directly in
God, & was the same in Ev-
idence with the new demand.
No hint of a Sacrifice needed

in his case. Faith was his highest merit, the best thing God can see in his children.

Orthodox who deny Supreme & Liberal Christ interpretation & plead faith only in God's goodness, are Jews. Believe in Contract relation Covenant terms. — Domestic better, higher than Revelation of Love. —

Suffolk Savings Bank for Seamen and Others.

No. 47 TREMONT STREET.

OPEN FROM 9 A. M. TO 2 P. M.

HERBERT MAGOUN, Treas.
LEWIS R. TUCKER, Vice Treas.

Boston, Oct 17 1900.

Mr. James L. Whitney, Librarian
Boston Public Library

Dear Sir. I send herewith the box containing the manuscripts, &c of the late Rev. T. Starr King and concerning which Mrs. Horace Davis of San Francisco spoke to you several days ago.

Very truly Yours Herbert Magoun

Treas.

Miscellaneous

notes.

While these pages are passing through the press we notice that attention has been called by a well known & accurate scholar, through the columns of the "Christian Register" of January 21st. to this mistake of Dr. Huntington in quoting from Neander. The accomplished critic shows, also, that in the American translation of Neander the word "Strictly" is introduced into the text, thus ~~de~~ weakening a little the force of Neander's declaration. The American version makes the passage read - "This doctrine does not strictly belong to the fundamental articles of the Christian faith", while Neander wrote, "This doctrine does not belong &c".

Commence with the Journal on his
Birthday - 2. 196. —

— Pictures from Paradise Lost —

Book. 1. — P 23. - 24 - 25

Satan rising from the lake &
flying to the burning mark —

P 34. 35. 36 &c. Select picture
of thronging of the Spirits to him
& bending the rest of army to hear
his address. —

P. 40. The building of the
Pandemonium

Book 2. — 64 / 65 —
Meeting of Satan & Death -
Sin at the
Gate of Hell. = Threatened fight —

72 - 76 - Sailing towards Earth &
heavens on his wings - from hell. —

Book 3 —

96+97 ll. — Flight to Uriel —
and flight to the world. —

Book 4.

105, 6, 7 — Satan mourning his lot
in presence of Paradise. — & description
of Paradise. 110-11-12 ll. — —

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126 + 7 — Squat like toad at
Ear of Eve — Ithuriel's Spear —
Gabriel & Satan & the celestial balances.
= close. —

Book 5. —

P 142 — Raphael flies down
to Earth. —

at close — Abdiel & the
Rebellious Council.

Book 6.

The Angelic revolt & fight - the invention of artillery. —

Book 7. —

The Creation told by Raphael.

p. 206 - Creation of the Animals.

Book 8. —

218 - question of astronomy whether Sun centre or Earth. —

Raphael, - doesn't decide it!

Book 9.

Temptation & fall. —

no papyr

Book 10 —

Speech of Satan in Pandemonium transformation into Serpents & the hiss that respond instead of applause —

pp. 285, 6 & 7 &c. —

Book 11.

Michael comes to Paradise —
p. 314. — Shows Adam the future. —

— Book 12 —

Close — driving from Paradise —

Rebellion pictures
P. Lost

Book 5. — Hymn of Adam.
Raphael coming

Story of Adam continues.
new rule. messiah. —
Full picture of Satan's
Council to rebel — Start Swift.
— abdiel. —

The fight in Book 6. —
Broken up —

First part of Book 1. — Pain
of Satan Belzebub. —

1. Intellectual Liberty - Old Orthodox Position - Theological accuracy no more essential to Xn character, than Astronomical - (?)

How do - if we have a Revelation?

The Revelation, if real, is the N.T. as it is - with the Articles of Confession.

Both K. hold that we have no revelation of Theology only of Religion. Theology a progressive Science - Religion Stationary.

Comment - Why all so much pains to preach a series of Doctrinal sermons. If Doctrine be so unimportant?

Ans: Not unimportant - but not so intimately associated with the Xn spirit, that the latter must fail if the former are - Spirit make the Xn. Doctrine makes the intelligent Xn

(2) General Dissatisfaction with Creed Statements of Belief - - (Rees)

1st Shown by Open Dissenters -

2d - " " want of vital faith among nominal believers

3d - " by conflict with Science

4th - " " objections & literature

Claim for present age to make it an Statement

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(3) ~~Scriptural Doctrine of the Nature~~ Rank of Church. (Rees)

Reasons why Christians reject the Doctrine of the Tri-personality of God.

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1 Unintelligible - 2. Unhistorical -

3. Unscriptural -

Comments. Speaking of this Doctrine as derived from church councils rather than from Bible - K. makes that a ground of objection - How about the doctrines taken

in Lecture 1 - ?
viz. that the Bible - is not a Revelation
of Complete Theology:

(4). Scripture doctrine of the Nature & Rank of Christ. {Shew what the Orthodox doctrine is.

Synoptics & Acts & Some Epistles. (Peter &
contain no testimony as to X's Person
he entered this world.

So & Paul teach pre-existence
but not Deity of X.

On Orthodoxy, their clear teaching
by which the obscure passages
must be interpreted, is against
the doctrine of the Deity of X.

(5.) "In the Beginning was the Word"

A noble Sentence. Full of knowledge,
wisdom, truth, charity & divine
suggestion -

Electricity —

Immense differences in Capacity of Conductors - the resistance of an inch of water Equal to 400 000 000 times the distance of the iron wire - or a wire long enough to reach from here to England.

Nah puds it very hard to send artificial currents of Electricity from distant apparatus wholly immersed in water — but nature puds no difficulty — torpedo. Even a horse if touched while underwater at control of animals will. —

Pursell 3617.

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wonder of this agent - Instantaneous communication of thought. —

Yankee invention

Yankee relations to lightning -

Franklin - first -

Henry - Dyar - Field -

Jackson - Morse - Prescott 58. -

Lyden Jar -

Fine Electricity 28800 miles a second -

Saloonic Electricity not so nimble

1800 a second - more slow dynified 63 + 4 also 6 y -

He calls them log, not concep - a nomenclature quite clumsy since each concep represents mental state not pure faculty. Psy - not log - does not let us know what means by xpress - somehow words connected - ways of truth

Logical & Intuitional Consciousness.

(Morell's Philosophy of Religion.)

1st ¶ — "The knowledge we obtain by the logical consciousness is representative & indirect; while that wh. we obtain by the intuitional concep is presentative & immediate".

All knowledge is immediate, & consists in mind's response to truth, a thrill of assurance. [Pure reverie, Bindoo musing in wh mind is as nearly passive as possible is the nearest approach to presentative knowledge. & then reverie proceeds in obedience to fixed laws of our constitution wh it is impossible to legitimate scientifically.] When we use logical aids to get at truth, the process is by no means mechanical. Each step excites the confidence of the mind, & the whole method is only a testing as it were of the delicate sensibilities of our spirit till it feels the truth. Logic is an apparatus for shaping or intensifying the spiritual senses till the thrill is awakened. Question of trouble that has arisen from using the analogy of sight exclusively to suggest the way in wh mind gets at truth. Feeling is a better synonyme. Quality & substance - phenomenon & cause - & the general list of necessary truths = humbug. They are all identical propositions. When we say every quality must have a substance in wh it inheres, we mean by quality something dependent on another thing, & therefore the synthetic judgment is contained in the word quality. There is no advance made in truth by the phrase. Principle of identity is what mind rests on when it gets at truth, & that is a law of thought. —— Much of the differ between logical & intl consep wh Morell has unfolded is differ in purposes wh mind proposes to itself, & not at all a differ between ways of reaching truth, or intensity of assurance. Take moral truth. Mind feels that a thing is wrong by moral sensibility, feels that a system of ethics is harmonious by intellectl sensibility & arranges moral facts in true relations & sequences by its intellectl sensibility. — Beauty. Mind feels beauty by æsthetic sensibility of nature. Arranges theory of beauty for scientific purpose & feels its fitness step by step by intellectl sensibility of nature. So music & science of music."

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* The question of testimony in religion & in History, & common affairs. We analyse the evidence, scrutinize motives, crop question if, & if answer to demands of reason, mind responds to them & feels conviction.

Logic of Statement = Syllogism & Logic of research = induction.

Logic or process of research by wh. new knowledge is gained - logic or method of verification, by wh hypothesis is tested; Logic or method of statement, by wh. higher mind conveys a truth to a weaker one.

Tendency is to degrade logic. But no more danger from logic than from abandonment of it - Mysticism as bad & works as much mischief. Every truth has its boundaries & its penalty if not.

2nd — "Logical knowledge is reflective; intuitional knowledge is spontaneous".

all truth is spontaneous. mind excited & vivified by logic till higher truth pours in.

4th " — Logical concept tends to separation (analysis); the intuitional concept to unity (synthesis)

3 d " — Intuitional knowledge is material; logical knowg is formal.

Not so. what we moral calls form of our knowlge is in reality new knowledge

But logical conseps changes the facts makes them so diffr by new light thrown on them & new relations with wh invest them - that they are more than thrown into new form. Intl conseps gives the sky - logical conseps - solar system - Intl conseps lights - scientific or logical conseps. light in its opence & compon - new ideas thrown around these materials - so that truth is gained.

Take Jouffroi's Ruines. Was that volume produced by taking moral idea (intuition since only makes sense of reflection) & dividing it, abstg it &c - or is it whole mind, worked up to excitement by steady purpose to know, preceiving the relations of idea right - its wholeness - &c. —

* idea of immortality - do we base on the truth? Is it a labour of consciousness? does not reasoning help it, by bring soul into relation to see it? - Take the argument - just scientific - then moral - then theological - & show that all feels the doubts so that soul says yes reflection agrees. —

4 ~~Dec~~

Dec. 11. — Logical concep is individual; intuitional conc/n is generic.

What is Consciousness?

What is ~~Proof~~? & How far can there be laws of proof?
& what is implied by laws for the guidance of mind in searching for knowledge?

What is the difference between Spiritual insight & logical Examination. The ~~logic~~ ~~proces~~ state of mind when a new truth is discovered by us & at first felt to be a truth is insight no matter how long may be the proces of reasoning. What diffr action is experienced when a ~~proces~~ proposn is up for verification - proposed as a hypothesis to see if it can stand for truth. Logical minds however they may feel conscious of Spl influes ie - proposed thair concepn of God as hypothesis for verification in the intellect sphere. to see if, paping from point to point of its apurances, the intellect feels the idea of God as corollary or continued step. —

6 the " — Logical concep is fixed; the intuitional concep is progressive.

Confounds laws of mind with its operations, its actual works by which it works
muscles of mouth & mouths. Eye & structure of the eye.
There are laws of logic, but these do not give us truths. Mind
Reasoning gives us truths —

Dont deny that there are necessary logical universal truths, but deny that they come from different parts of mind — which syllabus.

What sense is there in saying that one idea is contained in another — that you can't evolve the Infinite from the finite? All Knowledge is sequence of feelings. & if intellect feels Infinite God in contemplating finite data, & can't help feeling it — what can we say? — . . .

We may say that laws of reasoning won't allow us to draw Infinite from finite, but if the mind always does so, must not laws of reasoning be drawn from the ways the mind does reason. & not be imposed upon the mind. Much obscurity & nonsense, perhaps, has flowed from sticking mechelly to a figure — & from feeling that finite thing cannot contain Infinite thing. But idea are not contained in each other. Idea of the Infinite is no bigger than idea of finite & logical process only despotic sequences of thought. ——

end

– close –

Life is open to all.

want of Health, Station, &c doesn't shut out from it.

Reading – taste – Enjoyment of Beauty – walks in History – That can have – ought to try for. young men –

Best Elements, too, Common,

"Lost arts" – as to life –

Equator. —

Percevi a divided duty. —
Poland + Russia. —

Americans related to both. —

Catherine of Russia. —
Her policy —

Pulaski — Kosciusko. —

Czar now friendly to us —
Serfdom. —

Her Sympathy must go with
Poland. —

Great Crime — her partition.
Will to see that a Crime cannot
be successful. ~~We~~ So makes

Nations. Neither Monarchs
nor Sovereigns Can unmake
them. God hath joined it —
No Catherine is ~~great~~ powerful
Enough, no Frederic is great
Enough, — no Maria Theresa
has ink black or red Enough
to mark off the boundaries
of a race & a literature.
Sometimes men pile up the
marshes ~~of a Sea~~ over which a Sea has
flowed. Succeed for a while,
Strife toil cries & restains —
ancient boundaries reappear.
~~Sea~~ So in a Nation — in
Poland. — Tide rises —
Sea rolls in, — ancient
limits & form are drown.
No peace in Europe till
Poland has her old place

among peoples. —

Poland is Banquo of
States. —

Czar is Macbeth at
his feast. —

How speak for Poland
if opposed to secession? —

Both plus for nationality.
Against partition — post
partition to help other
powers. We throw sympathy
to Poland — & we say that will
be made a new Poland
if to please the Austrians
of Great Britain.

Poland & Mexico we
pray for. — Our hearts are
with them. Our interests
are one. — Poland keeps
Europe alive to Eastern questions
Mexico puts France at bay
what intervention means
on this continent. At Puebla
they are teaching Monroe Doc-
trine to Louis Napoleon. —

man had his hand withered.

Miracls - types of diseases
& cures morally. —
blind, lame - deaf - dumb - paralytic - leprous
with devils. — ~~all~~ Miracls are no-
Where - upon few. — They are types
Curative of what Chr has done spirly in
all ages, in multitudes. —

- Hand withered —

Practical faculty gone - can't do
anything rightly. —

Speculation & action —
Prayer - & work -
Hearing & practise —

How hands get withered —
By neglecting

Mss. of S. S. K. .3.

Essays.

1. The Logical & Intuitional Consciousness. — A discussion of Morell's Phil. of Rel. 2d Chapter. Fine summary at the close of the purpose of the Essay and also a clear statement of the writer's classification of thinkers.

Sermons

Allusions to Matthew among the Early Fathers.

Barnabas has many sentiments similar to Matthew's, & quotes XX.16. v.42. IX. 13. Barnabas is auth^d by Clem. of Alx.^a Origen. Eusebius. Jerome. ——

Clement of Rome (Phil. IV. 3^d) quotes V.7 – VII. 1.2. XVIII. 6. & quotes as from a record possessing undoubted authority. ——

Hermas cont^s with Paul. See Rom. applies passages found in Matt X. 32.33. XIII. 3. XXVII. 18. – Authors. Iren. Clem. Ter.^n Origen

Ignatius A.D. 70. – quotes III. 15. X. 16. ——

Polycarp – quotes Lord's prayer & VII. 1.2. V.7.

Papias explains origin of Matt.^s & Mark's gospel.

Justin Martyr – between 20 & 30 from Gospels & Act. besides numberless allusions.

Irenaeus 170 Bishop of Lyons. mentions how Matthew begins his gospel. – [Quotes whole cont^s of 2^D Chapter, Hug.]

Theophilus – Bishop of Antioch allusions to Matthew

Clement of Alexandria states that Gospels cont^g genealogies were written first, & refers this opinion to Presbyters of more ancient times.

Tertullian – John & Matthew teach us the facts. Luke & Mark refresh it. Mark was the interpreter of Peter. more quoted from New Test^t in him than of Cicero in all authors written [5th Book best Marcion quotes Matt^s 2d Chapter. – Hug.]

Origen quotes almost whole Bible.
Eusebius 315 mentions Gospels critically goes over & reasons &c.

Celsus 150. refers to the writings wh. contain the genealogies. –

Basilides 120. evidently received Gospel of Matthew.

Tatian 170. Disciple of Justin composed a Diatessaron but according to Theodoret of Cyprus, [Hug] left out the genealogies. Matt & Luke's. — Theodoret says he used the Gospel by Peter as a basis – Stuart –

Manuscripts

Syrian, Harleian, & Ebnerian Mss. have been appealed to against Matt. genealogy. – Walthusen refuted first, "Refutatio &c. of 1 & 2 Ch of Matt. vindic". London 1771.

In Harleian is an addition – "Genealogia hucusque. Incipit Evang^m sec. Matthaeum". – Griesbach says this MS belongs to 6^th or 7^th Century & the note is by later hand & in margin. Gabler made researches into Ebnerian Ms. with results feeble to 1^st Chap^r of Matthew. —

The whole history of 1^st & 2 Chapter is related by Justin – Dial. cum Tryph. Narrative is free – but quotations are exactly similar &

does not take it from Septuag as is his custom but word
or word as in Matthew - with some variations from Septuag

This & all allusions to Matt among earliest Fathers
all valuable according to the theory of Gospels we drive
from them. whether of an original gospel or of notes.

How is it that Justin quotes Scripture with same varia
tions as Matthew & yet tells the story so differently? if he
had our Matt. before him?

"4 root steps" - Eusebius

Papias calls gospels - "logia" - in Hebrew. - Origen - Pantae
nus went on a mission to India last of 2d Century & saw a
Hebrew copy. From: Eusebius. - Jerome "Cat. de ill. illus."
copy. 3d c. - Says a Hebrew copy of Matt was at Cesarea.
which he translated. This was considered "a felicisque" the
original text. But why if mere original, should Jerome
translate it? Was it corrupted by apocryphal add's? Did
Matthew translate his own gospel into Hebrew himself? - Tholuck.
Jerome's language varies according to time before & after he had
seen the original. He says it was Syro-Chaldaic printed in Hebrew letters.
This was the Nazarene Gospel. Was the Ebionite gospel
also similar. See the two accounts of baptism of Christ by Jerome
- Epiphanius, very different - Yet Jerome says they were similar.
Similar in titles - "Secundum Apostolos" - but later differen
...ay have sprung from arbitrary alterations to serve
doctrinal peculiarities? Huy.

But if our Matt was Syro Chaldaic, why no Peshito
or Syriac version of 3d Century translated from Greek?
Why shld the Heb. original become irrecoverably lost?
Why no tradition of translator's name be left?
Why any mss. escape search of Origen?
Genius of Greek gospel not doubted in early times.
Doesn't read like translation.

Ignatius quotes this Hebrew Gospel as if it were authoritative
Origen allows readers to judge for themselves when he quotes

Chronology of Paul's Life

Born in Tarsus	2 years before A.D.	(See Biblical Atlas p. 82)
Converted	A.D. 35	
1st visit to Jerusalem. Acts IX. 26. see Gal. 1.18 &c ———	A.D. 38	
Returns to Tarsus	A.D. 38	
Is brought by Barnabas Acts XI. 26 to Antioch ———	A.D. 43.	Preaches at Antioch 1 year
2nd visit to Jerusalem. in company with Barnabas to carry food to the poor in Jerusalem, because of a famine - Acts XI 27–30 —	A.D. 44.	
Paul's first missionary tour with Barnabas from Antioch to Cyprus, - where in town of Paphos, Serg. Paulus was converted, - Perga, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra & Derbe, Attalia, back by sea to Antioch —	A.D. 44–46	In Antioch of Pisidia Paul first preached the doctrine of Justification (forgiveness of sins & justification) by faith in Christ from all things from wh. they could not be justified by the law of Moses." Acts 13.39 &c
Paul's 3d Journey to Jerusalem (with Barnabas) to settle the question as to Gentile believers, Acts XV. — passing through Phoenicia & Samaria on the way ———	A.D. 49.	See Gal. II. 1st
Carried back the letter Acts XV. 23. & took Judas & Silas in company to Antioch. V continued there teaching & preaching"		Peter in this council spoke of both Jews & Gentiles being saved in like manner, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, then believing (purifying) by faith" Acts 15.

2d Paul determines to make another
missionary tour, quarrels with Barnabas
about Mark. takes Silas & starts from
Antioch, pases through Syria & Cilicia
met Timoth at Lystra, paped through
a region of Galatia
Phrygia & Mysia, croped the Aegean Sea
from Troas into Macedonia, to Philippi
here imprisoned for curing the young fortune
teller, claimed their rights as Roman citizens.
Came to Thessalonica, Berœa, then down
to Athens. Thence to Corinth where he
worked with Aquila at tent-making, inter- A.D.
view with Gallio, the deputy of Achaia, staid 52
in Corinth 18 months*. thence to Ephesus, thence 54
to Cæsarea, to Jerusalem, up to Antioch.

& back by the coasts to Ephesus.
found here some disciples of John (12) converted
them, staid in Ephesus 2 or three years — 54 — 57
paped again into Macedonia & down into
Greece where he staid 3 months, paped up
into Macedonia to Philippi, & over the
Aegean Sea to Troas in 5 days — from Troas
to islands of Mitylene, Chios & Samos, to
Miletus, met the Elders of Ephesus at Miletus
& had the affectionate interview & parting. from
Miletus through isles Coos, & Rhodes. ~~Cyprus~~
5th visit — to Jerusalem.
to Tyre then to Ptolemais, Cæsarea & over. 58

Trouble in Jerusalem, sent bound
to Felix in Cæsarea. Festus, suc-
ceeds Felix in office. Paul is accused
before Festus, pleads also before Agrippa
who visits Festus, appeals to Cæsar
& is sent to Rome. Shipwrecked on
Malta — to Rome — A D. 61.

Lists of
sermons.
addresses
and
printed matter.

Printed Matter.

God glorified by our goodness — Ladies Repository March 1860.
Sermon at Hollis St. Ch. on death of Daniel Weld.
Address in memory of Sarah Paul. Hollis St. Ch June 59 (4 Copies)
Lecture on Hildebrand, before B.Y.C.U. 1857 (2 copies)
Discourse — 'The Railroad Jubilee', Hollis St. Ch Sept 21/51.
Sermon. Words at parting " " March 25. '60
Discourse 'Patriotism' Au Hton artillery Co
213d Ann. 1851 — (3 Cop.)
" in memory of Revd. Wm Macendray 1862
"He was a good man" (3 Cop.)
Address at High Sch Bdg — Sept 19. 60
Pub. in Bookseller S.F. Oct '60 (6 Cop.)
Oration del.d at Fulton. Oswego Co. N.Y. July 4. '55 (2 Cop.)
Sermon on death of Capt. J. Seward Reed
del.d at First Ch. in Fulton March 13. 64 —
Services at Installation of Evans Ayer
First Par. Charlestown N.H. June 7. 55
Right hand of fellowship by T. S. K.

Ann Rep. Mass. Bible Soc.y. 1855
Thanksgiving Sermon by Chas. Wadsworth Phil.a Nov 28. '61
Cal.a: its Characteristics & Prospects, from the New England Feb '58)
Fac-similes of the memorial stones of the last Eng. ancestors of Gen. Washington.
Discourse in mem. of T.S.K (The unspotted life) by C.A. Bartol March 6 "64
Sermon by C. A. Bartol on the 40th ann. of his ordination.

Mrs. Horace Davis
Oct. 12, 1900.

Notes of S. S. Lessons

on Special Subjects in Course —

1. a. Job - (Lesson) 7
2. Christ a Woman of Samaria - (Lesson) 6
3. Leviticus.
4. Genesis - 8th. Chapter -
5. The Patriarchs
6. Exodus & Egypt.

1855

7. O. T. Canon - '54
8. Genesis - '54
9. The Religious Views of Socrates.
10. Samuel - (Unfinished) 1848
11. Samson
12. Solomon '48
13. Job.
14. The Deluge - '54
15. Natural Religion
16. The Mission of X -

17 - Poetic Beauty a Literary Study of
Book of Job -
18 - The Temptation -
19. The Divine Paternity.
20 - The Mission of J. -
21. Morality & Piety. '49
22 - The Psalms.
23 - The 23d Psalm.
24. David -
25. Abraham -

Mr. King's Mss. .1.

Lectures

1. The Declarations of Independence 1776 & 1861 [Cal.] [local & Epochal] [Full of force & intent]
2. Goethe :— [a real contribution to literature — of permanent value]
3. Rebellion. Pictures from Milton's Paradise Lost — [Good introduction about Milton — — to Ms. — Say more than]
4. The Revelations of God in History — [Remarkably studied & complete — a precious product. dated Dec. 1846]
5. Intellectual Duties of Students in their academic Years. Oakland College. 1862
6. Socrates. [Admirable. As good to-day as ever]
7. Life & Genius of Paul.
8. Poets of America — Bryant — Holmes Longfellow. Lowell — Whittier —
9. Daniel Webster.
10. Music

11. Books & Reading
12. Washington
13. Battle of Lexington
14. Sight & Insight.
15. Existence & Life (unfinished)
16. Constantine
17. Substance & Shew
18. Life of Paul
19. Lexington & Concord -
20. Writers & their Suggestions
21. Ability & its Voices.

Mss. of T. S. K. 2.

Fragments

Address on Education.
Sermon on Fig-tree.
Chronology of Paul's Life.
Trinity
Prophecy & Prophecies.
Prayers
On Selection of his times
Hunter's Letter.
Principles of moral Govt of God.

Mss. of T. S. K. 4.

Sermons. [Occasional]

1. Sermon to Volunteers - San Fran. - 1861
2. Evil & Remedy of Rel. Intolerance
3. Thanksgiving for National Victories Feb. 1860 - 1862
4. " " " " May - 1862
5. An Anniversary Discourse - Oct. 1861
6. Anniversary " - Oct. 1861
7. - Thanksgiving -
8. The Pilgrim Colonization - Dec 1861
9. Religion of the Heavens - The new Planet -
10. Supremacy of Jesus. (Divine) 1853 & 1862
11. Quarterly Charity Lecture.
12. A Letter for the Times - 1857 -
13. Farewell Discourse in Stockton N. church.
14. Moral aspects of the Coming Election. 1863
15. Thanksgiving Sermon - Gettysburg & Vicksburg -
16. The Execution & its moral - 59.
17. The Parish & the Minister - Talk with N. Ch. Church - 1856
18. Thanksgiving. 1863
19. Fall of Sumter - 1862 - Sumter -
20. Days falling upon the Ark '62

21. Train of Judges. '63 & Fast day.
22 - Secession in Palestine & its results - 1861
23. The Organ & its Symbolism '57 & '64
24 - The Comet of 1861
25 - Barabbas or Jesus
26 - Inauguration - 1861 -
27 - Yo-Semite
28 - Speaking Truth in Love (Slavery)
29 - Lessons of the Drought - '54
30. Aid of $50.000 - fund - '54
31 - Temperance Sermon - '57
32 - City & Country
33. The War & the Fast - '61.
34. New Perils of Nation. '62. Thanksgiving
35. The Northern Uprising.
36. The Nation's New Year.
37 - Thanksgiving - 1849
38 - " Family & Food - '52 - '60
39 - ~~Property~~.
40 - Introductory Discourse in S.T. Apr. 29. 1860
41 - Mt. Shasta. '61
42 - Use & Heathen Dollar - '52 - '61
~~43 Saints' Anticipation to Sin - '52 - 62~~
~~44 - Use & Doctrine of Duty - '53 - '65~~
~~45 - Immortality. - '48 - '63~~

43 - Thanksgiving - 1851

~~44 - Life more than meat.~~ '53 - '62

~~45 - f~~ Lights & Shadows - First Day - '57

45 - The Flood & its Lessons - 1862

46 - The Sierra Nevada -

47 - Uses & their lessons -

~~48~~ - Consecration & Humble Service

[redacted] - Anniversary Discourse - 1862

50 - " " a 1863 -

51 - Funeral Sermon - for Capt Folger

52 - The Mississippi River - its Reopening - 1863

53 - The Supreme Court Decision - 1857

54 - Perils & Possibilities of Race in America - 1855 -

Mss. of T. S. A. G.

Orations & Addresses

1. 4th. July. Eastport. 1851
2. June 17. 1847
3. Peace, which we must pray for &c. 1861
4. Charge & address to Municipal & People. Hempstead. 59.
5. Address. on 4th. July. 1860. S.F.
6. " on Completion of Church. S.F. 1864
7. Oration on 4th July. 1863.
8. August. 1862. New Call of Patriotism.
9. Athenian. Barca D'Holbrook
10. Dedication of High School. 1860
11. Laws of Disorder.
12. Agricultural address. 1862
13. Dedication of Dark Away Hall. '62
14. The Earth & the Mechanic Arts.
15. Confederate States. Old & New. '61
16. Draft. Rumb. &c. Platt's Hall
17. Address to People. 1862
18. 10th. Anniversary of S.F. Orphan Asylum. 1861
19. 11 " " " " " 1862
20. F. W. Macaulay. 1862

21. The news hatches to assist from the War. '62

22. Oration on 76th Anniversary of July 4th

23. Address to J. H. C. Union.

24.

Fragmento

They should lead every Christian parish to consider seriously whether the second Service should not be given up & the preacher's time & power be devoted half of every Sunday to consecutive & thorough instruction of the youth of the parish, who shall pass up to his Charge ~~from~~ out of the preliminary training of the Sunday School. It is striking fact that there are no channels open by the present organization of our societies between the learning, the large stores of religious knowledge in the minds of ~~our~~ hundreds of the clergy & the ignorance - Biblical & ecclesiastical of the people that regularly listen to them & support them. Any parish, & city, that should adopt the plan of afternoon instruction, instead of preaching - so that all the young members should be under the systematic Charge of the minister from fifteenth to their 21st years, would in one Generation find the power of the Church trebled above its present

influence. Let the whole American Church
be it, & in fifty years our Society in its
length & breadth would feel that its life is
rooted in ~~the~~ Christianity. The great sentence
of St. Paul would be fulfilled in our Gen-
eral Consciousness - "Thou bearest not the
Root, but the Root thee."

It has given me pain to read what has been written & preached on this Catastrophe, as though, in connection with other wrecks, it is one of a series of judgments on this nation for its unrighteous legislation. God bends an arrow at the Arctic for the treachery of Statesmen in the Senate! He sinks the Steamer, drowns the women & children, suffers the cowardly Sailors to Escape, as one instalment of retribution for the Nebraska-bill! This has been said from the pulpit, & published. Brethren, it is by such talk as this that ~~natural~~ religion is made repulsive, - wounded in the house of its friends. It is based on the mistake of looking for God's

moral Providence in shifting circumstances, instead of in the slow ripening of bad principles into their deadly fruit. God punishes us for the bad legislation in wh. we acquiesce, for the political treachery to wh. we succumb for the sake of profit, by moral disorganization in Communit, by loss of national character, & its patient natural Evolution of distresses & commercial disasters, not by icebergs, & tempests, & collisions a capricious wrath, nobly on the sea. — Doubtless he shows us by such ~~a disas~~ an accident, whither our carelessness is tending, wh. has become a chronic sin in our navigation. We esteem mortal life so slight; that he

will not stretch out his hand
to save the most precious one,
the richest freight of breathing souls,
if they ~~are~~ stand across the track
of a plain physical law. The
money, the forms that went
down in that vessel, are appeals
of his providence for more caution,
more common prudence in the
navigation of the wild & misty sea
- appeals to think less of sinful,
vainglorious rivalry for a few
minutes' victory on the Atlantic,
than of human safety, appeals
against ~~making~~ making Liverpool & New York
the goals of a race course, staked
~~out~~ out on the great circle over

turbulent billows, cutting the heart
of the fog-banks of Newfoundland,
steadily as ryder across the fresh ploughed track
grazing of looming Clippers, Cape Race, & dodging the
awful icebergs with dizzy wheels.
capricious
not vengeance for insult in the Capitol, but natural retribution for
such guilt folly, demanded & stimulated by the Communit, must we
account such calamities as now
afflict our Exchanges & our homes.

A dog once ridiculed the self-complacency of the Bostonians by ~~saying~~ maintaining that a native there had the feeling that having been ~~being~~ born in Boston, there was no need for him to be ~~of his being~~ born again. Ever since reading that wicked stab, I have had a secret comfort in the consciousness that I am not a NewEnglander by birth. —

~~For the outward birth~~

Now a great many of us as to our humanity are not born yet. —

Existence & Life

Follow that voh. is good! Meditation tells us that this is the wisdom, the glory, & the destiny of Man. The Bible, by its precepts, & Especially by its Strong & Saintly Characters - Moses & Samuel John & Paul; - above all by the highest name, - Calls on us to Scorn all the Earthly ignorance that would put anything higher than goodness, either for beauty or reward. Ah yes, brethren, & that wider Bible of human life, voh. God is unfolding to our Eyes, Every day, in Society, Endorses the wisdom of his transcribed word, & Enforces in Every way its joyous & Serious appeal. A noble character, a beneficent Career, - particularly one that has just floated off from the Grave of this world, & hangs in Spiritual beauty amid the Still Atmosphere of death, before it loses itself among its Kindred in the all surrounding

heaven, – is it not a radiant & sweet appeal to our sentiments against the follies of selfishness & pleasure & unbelief? What argument for piety & holy service so insinuating & conclusive as the influence of a noble man that has just closed his mortal methods of beneficence, & leaves his place sacred among his fellows, while his moral beauty gleams with the halo of Eternity about it, before these senses startled with the tidings that he is dead? – The bad man or the useless, cold-hearted man dies, & like the cuttle-fish shoots a black medium around him, through wh. we do not care to pierce with any interest or any hope. – But the good man departs, & his finished ~~of~~ character becomes a luminous sermon, with chapters printed on

an undying type in favor of Charity & Meekness & kindly sentiments & a reverent mind. Their lives of such support the interests of society & virtue; their memories are like holy chants & cheering songs. —— Boston has lost many such during the past year - men whose influence in the pulpit, in the market & in the chambers from where the almond tree flourishes in Saints' bloom & their Creator; where their intense supplies the tears of heaven; wh. they dispensed their unfailing Charity, were orations in behalf of religion & the Gospel. And now that one more is departed, & the bleeding of friends & dependents follow his quick ascension with sad- ness more sweet than his taste had patronized, let us learn it, in the Church, to the account of goodness; - let us see more clearly in the sudden light of such departures the glory of the heavenly, let us pray for the consecration & the love that will fit us for the call that may come at

midnight to the great sphere of service, & that will leave the echo here of a holy music ceased. —

Sunday, Dec 10. 1853

Order of Services In the Dedication of the Unitarian Church Geary St. San Francisco, Sunday, January 10th. 1864.

1. Voluntary
2. Chant — (See Sheet A.")
3. Original Hymn (Mrs. Stall) (Sheet "B.")
4. Prayer of Dedication.
5. Te Deum
6. Scripture ~~Reading~~ Lesson.
7. Original Hymn (Rev. C. A. Bartol, Boston) see Sheet "C."
8. Letters from Eastern Clergymen
9. Address — By Rev. Mr. King
10. Original Hymn — ~~to be sung by the Congregation~~ By Mrs. E. A. S. Page — see Sheet "D."
11. Benediction —

A.

Minister — And Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord, in the presence of all the Congregation of Israel, & spread forth his hands toward heaven, & he said, —

Choir — Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above or on earth beneath, who keepest Covenant & mercy with thy servants that walk before thee with all their hearts.

Minister — But will God indeed dwell on the Earth? behold the heaven & heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that we have builded?

Choir — Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servants, that thine Eyes may be open toward this house night & day, & when they shall pray toward this place, hear thou in heaven, & when thou hearest, forgive.

Minister — ~~If any man trespass against his neighbor~~ When thy people be smitten down before the enemy, because they have sinned against thee, & shall turn again to thee, & confess thy name & pray, & make supplication unto thee in this house;

Choir — Then hear thou in heaven & forgive the sin of thy people, & bring them again unto the land which thou gavest unto their fathers.

Minister — If ~~then~~ the heaven is shut up & there is no rain, because they have sinned against thee; — if there be in the land famine, if there be pestilence, blasting, mildew, locust, — if their enemy besiege them in the land of their cities; — whatsoever plague, whatsoever sickness there be; — what prayer & supplication soever be made by any man or by all thy people, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart & spread forth his hands toward this house: —

Choir — Then hear thou in Heaven thy dwelling place, & forgive, & do & give to every man according to his ways whose heart thou knowest; for thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men.

Minister — Moreover, concerning a stranger that is not of thy people, but cometh out of a far country for thy name's sake, when he shall come & pray within this house;

Choir — Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place, & do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee for; that all people of the earth may fear thee, & may know that this house is called by thy name.

Minister — The Lord our God be with us as he was with our fathers: let him not leave us, nor forsake us; but incline our hearts unto him to walk in all his ways. And let these my words be nigh unto the Lord our God day & night, that he maintain the cause of his ~~servant~~

Choir — That all the people of the Earth may know that the Lord is God, & that there is none Else.

Minister — Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord & who shall stand in his holy place?

Choir — He that hath ~~pure~~ clean hands & a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

Minister — How lovely are thy tabernacles. O Lord of Hosts!

Choir — Lift up your heads O ye gates, & be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, & the King of Glory shall come in.

Minister — Who is this King of Glory?

Choir — The Lord Strong & mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads O ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors, & the King of Glory shall come in. The Lord of hosts, He is the king of Glory.

~~Most unto the King Eternal, immortal, & invisible, the only wise God be honor & glory through Jesus Christ forever & ever. Amen.~~

B.

Source of light & life & power,
Pour thy Chrism from above,
That our dedication hour
Be replete with joy & love!
Great Designer of the plan
Posing myriad worlds in Space,
Architect, whose ~~mystic~~ thought wide Span
Has no limit man may trace,—
Builder of the Earth & Sea,
We devote this house to Thee!

In its Symmetry of form
We thy beauty Symbolize;
In its coloring deep & warm
Thank thee for thy Sunset Skies.
Type of thy unswerving law
In the Arches' Strength we trace;
From their flowing Curves we draw

Sweet Suggestions of thy grace,
Filling us with filial Praise
Of thy tender Providence.

Yet beneath
~~Underneath~~ this cheerful Dome
Penetrated by thy Light,
Needy Children, Lord, we come,
Asking for the inward Sight.
Give us here as daily bread
Confidence in all things true;
Let thy name be hallowed
In the Christian work we do.
Bring us to thy Kingdom near
In that love which cast out fear.

Lift us on the wings of prayer
Nearer to thy bounteous throne;
Let our Anthems fill the air
With a triumph all thine own;

Harmonize us with thy will;
In Christ's truth maintain us free;
From thy copious fountains fill
All our inward thirst for thee.
Then shall thus be holy sound
Where thy Place shall fold us round.

6

Spirit, who hast in beauty wrought,
Spring, whence all life & mercy flow,
Whose truths is greater than our thought,
Thyself, still better than we know,—

What shall we pay thee for the grace,
That builds on earth our home so bright,
With beamings of our Father's face,
To bring eternal worlds to sight?

We give thee what is thine, O Lord,
Our wills frame in every part,
Our children, born but at thy word,
The love thou kindlest in our heart.

The house, which we devote, we owe;
Thou dost inspire the song we sing;
In woods above & mines below
Thou dost provide our offering.

From hearth & field & flock & sea,
Our spreading store, our secret soul,
Take back thy boons divinely free,
Till human service have the whole.

From sin cleanse with our blood our land;
Accept our tears for sacrifice;
In juster freedom let us stand
Ourselves a temple to thine Eyes!

D.

~~Dedication Hymn L.M.~~

O God, ere heaven and earth were planned,
Adoring silence worshiped thee;
Now the vast universe doth stand
The temple of thy majesty.

Its walls are wrought of sapphire bright;
Its countless spires are of starry flame;
~~On the unending~~ Suns on the boundless ether write
The sovereign beauty of thy name.

~~An earthly~~ temple, by thy grace,
~~is humbled~~
This day we dedicate to thee;
Deign to make here thy dwelling-place,
O thou that fillest immensity.

Fold us beneath thy sheltering wings
As here we worship at thy shrine;
Ours be the peace thy presence brings—
The glory and the praise be thine.

Sovereign & transforming Grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign the Spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy & Creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our Spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious Soul impart
Hope all other hopes above,
Stir the dull & hardened heart
With a longing & a love.

Give the struggling place for strife,
Give the drooping light for flame,
Speed the living into life,
Warm the dying of their doom.

Work in all, in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

I.

Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays;
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thine altars are, for there,
When earthly loves & hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the Spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead!

All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy dear words of love are taught.

I.

Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where leads the cataracts ocean-fall;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays;
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thine altars are, for there,
When earthly loves & hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the Spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead!

All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught: & may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal & woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

Nor we, alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

G.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise & set no more.

Dedication Service of the Unitarian Church in Geary St. San Francisco, Sunday January 10th. 1864.

Evening Service

1. Voluntary.
2. Responsive Chant.
3. Hymn — ~~Lesson~~ Rep. F. N. Hedge / See Sheet E".
4. Prayer.
5. Canticle
6. Scripture Lesson.
7. ~~Original Hymn — By Rev. Page / Sheet D"~~ Andrews Norton. Sheet D"
8. Sermon
9. Hymn — to be sung by the congregation. / Sheet G" /
10. Benediction.